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CAVALIER, January 1954



THE AUTHOR WAS COURT MARTIALLED FOR THIS STORY

The most rugged story we have ever printed, and the best description of close combat we have ever read, "This is Combat" will be the BIG feature of next month's issue of Cavalier. "This is Combat" is an excerpt from "Korean Tales," the most controversial book to come out of the Korean War. The author, Lt.-Col. Melvin B. Voorhees, U.S. Army, was court-martialled and dismissed from the service for refusal to obey an order directing him to withdraw the book from the publishers.

TRAPPED ON A FLOATING ISLAND

Man-eating piranhas infested the waters. Ruthless killers patrolled the shore. I had no choice—I had to ride the strangest craft ever built in hell. Willard Price gives a round-by-round description of his nightmare ride on a floating island in the middle of the mysterious Amazon.

ONE WORD

describes Cavalier's fiction section. The word? Magnificent. Some of the best action stories ever published in this country have made their debut through the pages of Cavalier. And the February section will be right up to that standard. Rugged, down-to-earth stories to stir the blood of every virile male, stories that pack a punch in every word. Don't miss Cavalier's fiction section in the February issue. You won't get better reading anywhere.

CAVALIER, January 1954

CAVALIER

THE NEW MAN'S MAGAZINE

A FAWCETT
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JANUARY, 1954
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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

AFTER DARK



IN THE LAND OF CHERRY BLOSSOMS



Flighty maidens have replaced staid Geisha girls. GIs prefer these fun-loving lovelies.

A first-hand report

from a man who knows

EXCLUSIVELY for CAVALIER

BY KIMPEI SHEBA,

Editor, Tokyo Evening News

The impact of the GI on the romantic life of Japan has been stupendous. Japanese girls fall readily—like the proverbial ton of bricks—for American soldier boys, and while a lot of people may have been led to believe that American men are inferior to European males in the art of love-making, Japanese girls know differently. They have been sampling troops from a score of countries, men passing through Japan to and from Korea, and the formerly highly touted European troops don't get to first base with the girls of Nippon, who consider the GI the world's greatest, most ardent, lover.

Today, with around 150,000 GIs circulating in the land of the long famed Geisha, the temptation is to let one's imagination run wild about what goes on after dark.

Actually, although the fun-loving GIs are having themselves a ball,



Romance is a \$200,000,000 business, indoors or out, in Tokyo.

few are finding it in the company of the long-sleeved kimono-clad Geisha girls, who still hold fast to their age-old Oriental training. Rather, it is with the streamlined young lovelies who frequent the American-style cabarets and night clubs.

This is because, instead of adjusting themselves to the traditional night life of Japan, the GIs have caused the eager-to-please Japanese maidens to Americanize themselves.

You can't say the Japanese girls haven't succeeded. Until the advent of the GI, the only time the Japanese saw a cabaret was in an occasional American movie. Today, the big cities of Japan are full of them. As for that popular American institution, the strip tease, the Japanese are cashing in on a veritable gold mine. They never realized the profits that could be exacted by merely displaying the feminine chassis in a nearly nude state.

It is widely reckoned that the money the modern-day Madam Butterflies earn from the GI is equivalent to the total amount of the country's foreign exports—which runs well over \$200,000,000!



A GI looking for a good time has a varied and exotic selection of playmates and pastimes from which to choose. If all he wants is a "pan-pan," he'll find hundreds loitering right around the corner from his billet. A few years ago they could be had for a pack of cigarets. Today the price is higher—around \$3.

The smart boys pass these streetwalkers by and strike up friendships with cabaret girls, strip-tease dancers, show girls and office workers. Those who are really smart hunt around for the more sophisticated daughters of well-to-do families.

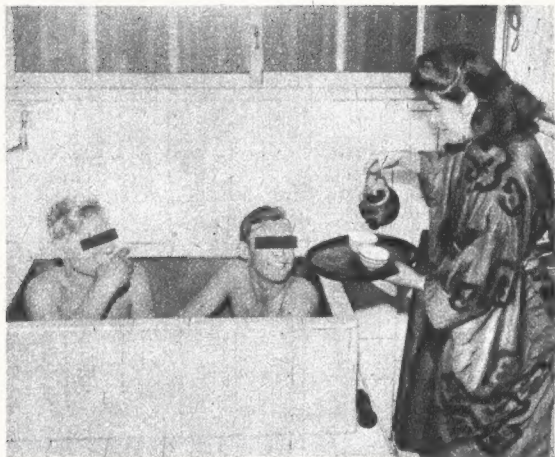
Come Sunday, the romancing GI and his girl are, like as not, off to Hakone, a 2-hour train or auto ride from Tokyo. In no time at all the pair enter one of the many Japanese inns there or further up in the mountains.

"Irrashai-mase!" (Welcome, welcome) cry the clerks and maids. The more reputable houses mean it, but third-rate joints frown on a GI who brings his own girl. The establishment would rather supply the feminine companion—for a consideration, of course. Some gyp joints, in fact, insist that the girl be an attachment to the room, and will

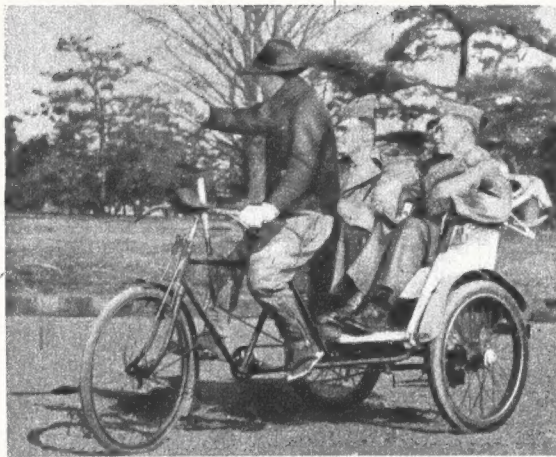


One of the biggest of all headaches, both to the U. S. and Japanese officials, is the love life of the GIs and their "onlys."





Relaxation comes with hot tea in a bathtub built for two.



Tokyo's landmarks offer much to serious-minded sightseers.

charge for her whether the GI cares to meet her or not.

But today we are visiting one of the better inns. A smiling maidservant directs the guests to a tiny, spick-and-span mat-floored room upstairs.

The GI and his girl sit on the floor, on thick cushions, and presently are served tea and sugar-sweet cakes. The scenery outside, although few GIs ever really notice it, is truly breathtaking. Nature was never more lavish in clothing a mountainside with wondrous foliage and sparkling rivulets. In the distance is majestic Fujiyama, the world's most perfectly shaped mountain. Swallowlike birds dart about, and on the plum tree in the garden a nightingale sings a love song to his mate.

The setting is made to order for romance. What matters whether the love-making be mercenary, artificial or transitory? Tomorrow the GI may be ordered away on active duty.

The maidservant brings in kimonos for the GI and the girl. They strip and don the enveloping garments, and nine times out of ten the GI finds the hem of the Japanese national costume up around his knees. In Japan they just don't make kimonos for six-footers.

The pair converse partly in sign language, partly in the pidgin English that the girl has learned, and partly in the broken Japanese that the GI has picked up.

"Ofuro-ni-yukimasho," says the girl, which is Greek to the GI. She somehow manages to convey the idea to him that they should go down to the bathing pool. So the two walk downstairs to what is called the family room. There they find a tiny pool for two. The large public baths are occupied by Japanese customers.

The bath water comes from natural hot springs dug deep into the earth—and the water is hot!

Much to the astonishment of the GI, his girl, disrobed, steps nonchalantly into the sizzling pool. He sits on the edge looking on like a hen watching a duckling it has hatched, swimming in a pond into which the hen dare not enter.

The girl presently comes out and starts soaping and washing the GI. There is a lot of giggling and a few howls as the girl pours hot water over the shoulders of her companion. Actually, the water in most Japanese baths isn't uncomfortably hot. Once you're in the pool and submerged up to your chin, it's delightful.

And in Japan, they say you can't have fun in a bath unless 1) you have a girl with you and 2) you get into the water with her.

Every GI who has spoken to me about his first excursion to the hot springs said he was surprised to find that once

he got into the water, it was delightful. What is more, they all say they found mixed bathing a real pleasure.

Something that is not generally known about hot-water bathing is that it has a slightly aphrodisiac effect. The ancient Romans discovered this, and it is said that prolonged bathing in hot water was proscribed in the case of women, because of the ill effects it had on public morals.

After bathing, the GI and his girl retire to their room, and soon the GI makes a shocking discovery. There are no locks to the room, and even if there were, they would be of little use because the doors are not of wood but of paper which, while not exactly transparent, is still paper. There is no such thing as real privacy in a Japanese inn.

The girl assures her companion that they will not be disturbed. And they are not.

The charge in reputable places ranges from \$10 to \$15 per person. This includes one meal. Clip joints will get all they can—anywhere from \$20 up, with an additional \$20 for a girl. If there is no complaint, another \$20 is added for the girl's room charge! If the GI still doesn't howl, then he is billed for a 20 per cent service charge on everything.

In most instances, when a Japanese girl agrees to go out with a GI, she becomes his "only"—that is, no other man may hold a place in her affection.

Since the start of the Korean war, most GIs haven't had the time to make leisurely excursions to the hot-spring resorts. So the hot springs have come to them. In Japan, hot-spring inns are identified by three curved lines, like tongues of flame. Every GI knows what the sign means; and the fact that there are so many inns hanging up the symbol indicates exactly how the GIs are taking to the Oriental custom. Today there are some 600 inns in Tokyo displaying the sign of the three flames, although the nearest genuine hot spring is a good 50 miles from the city.

Most GI newcomers are at first interested in the Geisha girls. They have heard a lot about these famed entertainers and, after all, what's the use of being in Japan if you don't see the Geisha. As soon as they learn how much a Geisha party costs though, they become less enthusiastic. A first-rate Geisha party costs around \$30 per head, and this doesn't include any sleeping privileges. That might cost \$100, extra.

Three GIs I became acquainted with, Fred, Gabby and Dick, wanted to see what a Geisha party was like, in spite of the high cost. So I took them to a *machiya* off the Ginza, which is Tokyo's main shopping center. The boys—all combat veterans—had come from Korea on R&R (rest and recreation leave).

The boys were in good humor as, observing Japanese

custom, they removed their shoes before entering the house. After getting over this hurdle, they managed to scale the steep and narrow stairway. We were soon in a large, matted room. The only furnishings were a few thick cushions.

The boys sat cross-legged on the cushions and found the position quite comfortable. Presently, waitresses brought individual trays for each of the GIs and then started serving, bringing in one dish after another, and always removing the previous one. For a long while there was no sign of any Geisha, and the boys were getting restless.

"I didn't know we came here to eat," said Gabby. "When do the girls show up?"

"All in good time," I answered.

Then suddenly, three young girls, dressed in strikingly beautiful kimonos, made their appearance. They were all around 16 years of age. The girls were followed by several older women who carried *samisen*, the three-stringed, banjo-like instrument which Geisha girls strum.

The entertainers immediately started giggling and tittering. They were talking about the GIs and were bashful—or at least pretended to be. On being introduced, the girls clapped their hands gleefully.

Here at last were the butterfly maidens of the tourists' imagination. Their faces were as pale as porcelain, with an enameled effect from the liquid powder which they use. Their shiny hair, like licorice, was arranged in fantastic volutes, which were adorned with silver, bell-like ornaments. Their names were *O Kiku* (Miss Chrysanthemum), *O Yuki* (Miss Snow) and *O Tsuru* (Miss Crane).

"Who are the old hags in the black dresses?" Gabby whispered to me. "Musicians?"

"Those," I explained, "are the Geisha. The young girls are merely apprentices. They're called *oshaku*, which means wine pourers, and that is their main duty in life."

The boys looked at one another in surprise.

"No fooling!" said Fred, in disbelief.

Pretty soon the Geisha began tuning up their *samisen* and at a given signal the three *oshaku* kneeled and bowed, their heads almost touching the mat. As they rose, the Geisha began playing and the girls danced for a few minutes.

The boys were certainly not impressed. Neither by the music nor by the dance.

In Geisha dances, poses, such as in tableau, are important—almost as important as the movements. Each number tells a story, and mostly these are sentimental. But sentimental or gay, it takes an expert to figure out what significance is intended by the poses and movements.

"What was the story behind that dance?" one of the boys asked hopefully.

"It depicts a girl bidding farewell to her lover, waiting for his return, looking expectantly as a man appears in the distance, but becoming disappointed when he turns out to be somebody else," I answered.

The next number was more difficult to interpret. The girls were trying to show the finest plum blossom of Kyushu opening at night.

After that dance the girls lined up in front of the old Geisha, and started another number, dancing from the hips with posturings of hands and feet. They sang a harsh, faltering song without any apparent relation to the accompaniment played by the austere dames.

Fred and Gabby weren't enjoying this at all. They wanted to know if the girls were going to strip, and when told definitely no, they rapidly began to lose interest. And, when the bona-fide Geisha announced that *they* would dance—the performances by the *oshaku* were merely preliminaries—the boys suddenly discovered they had other engagements for the night.

We broke up the party. Outside, I was asked whether there wasn't something livelier. So I took the boys to a cabaret.

No sooner had we arrived at the entrance to the place than the fellows were practically dragged into the smoke-filled room by half a dozen heavily painted girls in long, flowing, Western attire.

A jazz orchestra was playing, and a few couples were dancing. It was still early.

The girls spoke a little English—enough to understand about a third of what the boys said. They were soon sitting beside the GIs, cuddling up to them and helping them part with their money in a hurry. The amazing thing about it was that the boys seemed to enjoy being clipped.

Japanese cabaret hostesses spend a couple of months learning to dance, and that is about all they know, except for the pidgin English they pick up (Continued on page 52)



Better-class cabarets, such as this one, bar hostesses who use clip-joint tactics.

Necktie Party

Haunted by the fear of hanging, hunted by an angry sheriff, hated by a town—the Yankee fought for life. What was the passion that drove a strange southern girl to help him?

by Evan Hunter

Illustrated by George Meyers

The ground was soft and slippery, crawling up to my shin bone every time I took a step. All the noises of the swamp were around me, unfamiliar noises that banged at my numbed senses like sledge hammers. I thought of quicksand, and I thought of cottonmouths and moccasins. I bit my lower lip, every nerve tensed, my body tired and wet and cold. I stumbled forward, my trousers torn to the knee. I tripped over the long arching roots of a cypress, fell to my knees in icy water.

Behind me, I could hear the hounds echoing through the swamp. I got to my feet quickly, caught my breath, then staggered forward again.

"Follow Anchorage straight to the swamp," she'd said. "When you reach the swamp, get onto the ridge of land and stay on it. It'll take you straight to the shack. You can't miss it."

I looked down at the gooey, clinging mud she'd called a ridge and cursed. The moon hung against the blackness like a baleful eye. It lit the cypresses with a cold light; it cast deep shadows on the reeds in the water. I thought of that water again, and of the fangs that could be in a man before he knew what hit him.

I shivered against the cold, and against the sound of the damned dogs behind me—and I cursed the day I'd ever started for Florida. A man should know better than to take a week off from his business in the middle of the winter. I'd been tired, though, and I thought a little Florida sun would. . . .

I stumbled again, ripping skin this time, a gaping tear on my leg and long, deep scratches

I knew I should run, or leap, or do something—but all I could do was stand there, frozen, unable to move. And then Doris screamed.

G. Meyers



on my hands and arms. *Southern hospitality*, I thought. Come to Florida, playland by the sea.

Sure.

I'd been slapped with a manslaughter charge almost the instant I'd hit Florida. I'd spent part of a night in a crummy jail, and now I was playing tag with reptiles and dogs. A great vacation. A wonderful cure for what bothers you.

It bothered me.

It bothered me a hell of a lot. Those bastards were ready to throw the book at me. I'd run down a local son, they thought, and that was reason enough for a necktie party. Except I hadn't run him down. My headlights had picked him out lying on the road, and I'd jammed on my brakes about 10 feet from him. If they'd had any eyes, they'd have seen he was still about two feet from my front bumper when they arrived on the scene.

They should have realized, too, that this was obviously not a hit and run. I'd stopped my car, and then hailed the next one that passed, sending the driver for the local *gendarmes*. A guilty man doesn't go out of his way to make sure he's hanged.

What I hadn't counted on was the number of people who returned with the sheriff. They weren't looking for reasons to excuse me, not with that light in their eyes. A good friend of theirs was lying in the road with his head like a squashed tomato. That was enough for them. They'd probably have strung me from the nearest tree if the sheriff hadn't insisted on taking me to the local caboose. And a smart move, too. He wasn't going to risk his hide by skipping the legal motions. Time enough for the fun later. They were all after a neck they could stretch, and mine was 15½.

All except the girl.

There hadn't been any light in her eyes, just a nice warm look. That, and the soft glow of her blonde hair as she stood outside my cell in the ant-trap they called a jail.

I thought of her again, and then I stopped thinking because the tarpaper shack was dead ahead of me.

There was no light showing. The shack looked more like an outhouse, and I wondered why the hell anyone would put any kind of a building in the middle of this godforsaken swamp. I decided not to look a gift house in the mouth. I splashed my way over to it, grabbing the rusted handle on the door and pulling. It was locked.

"It's me," I said, my voice softly urgent. "Open up."

"Yankee?" Her voice held a faint Southern accent, and it made me feel like a Union spy in a Grade C melodrama. I hadn't even noticed the accent when she'd popped up at the jail less than an hour ago, shortly after the sheriff and his boys had gone down for another look at the car. She'd slipped me the key, and then took off, leaving me to stare at the cockroaches on the damp, grey walls. The sheriff had left only an old man to guard the Bastille, and he was sitting in the front room with a comic book on his lap. I'd opened the jail door, sneaked up behind the old man, and popped him on the head gently, just enough to put him out of action while I found my way to Anchorage Street and the swamp.

"Yankee?" the girl repeated, her voice a little louder.

"Yes," I answered, "this is the Yankee."

I felt foolish as hell, but the words opened the door for me. She pulled me inside, slamming the door behind me and bolting it. I wanted to say, "President Lincoln sent me. Do you have the plans?"

Instead, I said, "My name's Bart Merriam. We can drop the blue and the grey."

"All right," the girl said. She was wearing a white sweater that covered her like a cocoon. Her skirt had tangled with the swamp, and her bare legs showed through the tatters, long and tanned in the moonlight.

I studied her and then I asked, "What's it all about?"

She turned to face me, her shoulder-length hair swirling with the sudden movement. There were deep shadows on her face. "Do they know you're gone?"

"Sister," I said, "the entire state of Florida knows I'm gone. Anybody old enough to carry a gun, and not too old to walk, is out there behind me. You didn't expect me to break jail without them knowing about it, did you?"

She shook her head. "I wasn't thinking, I guess."

"Now tell me why," I said.

"Why what?"

"Why hand a perfect stranger the key to his cell? Why risk becoming accessory after the fact? And while I'm asking, where'd you get the key?"

"Listen!" she whispered.

From far across the swamp I could hear the hounds baying. It was just a matter of time until they came pawing into the shack. We listened to them in silence. When you're on the other end of it, the sound can be a terrifying one.

We'll have to get out of here," she said. "I didn't think they'd use dogs." Her head was cocked to one side as she listened, a strange, thoughtful expression on her face.

"We'll go," I said, "but first tell me—"

"I know you didn't kill Jed," she said in a rush.

"Was that his name? Who did kill him?"

"I don't know. But he was dead long before your car came along."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him. His . . . his face had been . . . smashed in. He was dead."

"Where was this?"

She hesitated, listening to the dogs again.

"On the road?" I prompted. "Was that where?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

"At . . . at my house. He was lying on the floor. His face . . . he was all bloody. I screamed, I think, yes. I screamed and I ran."

"When was this?"

"About an hour before they accused you of running him down."

My mouth fell open a little bit. She'd known all this, and she'd helped me escape. But why in hell hadn't she simply— A new idea struck me. "What was this Jed doing at your house?"

"I don't know. He was just there."

I shrugged that one off, passed my hand through my hair. "Listen," I said, "I appreciate all you've done—but why didn't you go straight to the police with your story? If you'd told them what you saw, I wouldn't be running a foot race with the K-9 corps right now."

"We'd better go now," she said, evading my question.

"I think I'll stay," I told her.

"What?"

"Running isn't going to help. I should have realized that before I broke out of that crackerbox. They'll get me in the long run, and it'll only be worse for me."

"You don't know what you're saying. Do you know who's after you back there? Do you have any idea?"

"The sheriff, I guess. Or whatever you call your local Sherlock."

She nodded knowingly. "The sheriff is right. And they call him Hangin' Mann. He doesn't hang wallpaper."

The dogs were closer now, too close. From the uproar they were making, I figured there were at least three or four of them. And all you need is one with a good nose.

"Are you coming?" she asked.

I gave one last listen to the dogs, and then I said, "Let's go."

She walked to the door quickly, opening it and peering outside. The dogs sounded much louder—and much closer. She took my hand and yanked me into the darkness. I felt the water close over my legs, and I shivered. I'd never been bitten by a snake. Chances are, it wouldn't be such a horrible thing, after all. But if I was going to be snake food, I wanted to see it coming. I couldn't stand the thought of walking blindfold into a pair of waiting jaws.

The girl knew the swamp like her own body. We splashed through cold water for three or four minutes, then she pulled me up onto a narrow wedge of land that ran windingly through the trees. I felt a lot better on dry land, until I thought of the dogs behind us.

"What's your plan?" I asked. "How do you expect to shake them?"

"They'll think we're heading for the highway," she explained. "Anyone cutting through the swamp usually heads for the highway. Instead, we'll double back and make for town. You can pick up your car and get out of here and forget all about it."

"Just like that."

"Yes."

I doubted that strongly, especially after what she'd said about the sheriff. But I'd certainly stand a better chance fighting this in a court than I would at the business end of a hangrope. "What about you?" I asked.

"Don't worry about me."

We were half-running now, my hand still in hers. I couldn't see the ground we were running on, and I kept thinking the next step would send me into the water. The noise behind us reached a loud peak, and I could hear the voices of men joining in with the hounds.

"They've probably found the shack," she explained. "We'd better hurry."

"When do we start doubling back?"

"Soon. I want them to find our trail first."

"You're forgetting the small fact that they've got dogs, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not. Once we take to the water—"

"The water! Listen, I don't like—"

"There's a canoe," she said. "You'll see."

I began to wonder how she knew the swamp so well, and why there'd be a canoe here. That brought me back to wondering why there'd be a shack here—and that brought me right up the front steps of the booby hatch with one hand on the door knocker.

We kept pushing ahead, the swamp a dark, menacing thing. Insects crawled and bit, and the growing things tore at our clothing, reaching out for us with gnarled, twisted fingers. My clothes were soaked with muckish water and perspiration. I kept thinking this wasn't happening to me, that I'd somehow gotten mixed up in another guy's dream. I kept praying for the guy to wake up.

"Hey," I said, "I don't even know your name." It sounded foolish, coming out like that. I mean, who bothers with introductions in the middle of the swamp, with a pack of bloodhounds ready to rip out your throat.

She answered without hesitation, though. "Doris."

"Doris what?"

"Doris Mann."

It didn't penetrate for a second, and when it did, I almost fell into the water. "Mann? You're not any relation to—the sheriff, are you?"

She kept running, and she didn't miss a step. "Yes," she said evenly. "He's my husband."

"What!" I pulled up short, yanking my hand from hers. "Your husband? Then why the hell didn't you tell him the truth?"

"I was afraid—" Her words erupted

into a short scream. I heard the sound of air escaping a tire, but it was no automobile. Her hand tightened around mine, and she backed up against me. The escaping air got louder, and I realized what it was just about the same time she whispered, "Cottonmouth!"

I stood there, frozen, looking into the darkness. The hackles on the back of my neck rose, and a chill chiseled its way down my spine. We waited, neither of us speaking. I could feel the sweat oozing down the side of my face, trickling down my neck, wetting the collar of my shirt. I knew I should run, or fall, or roll over, or do something—but all I could do was stand there, frozen, unable to move.

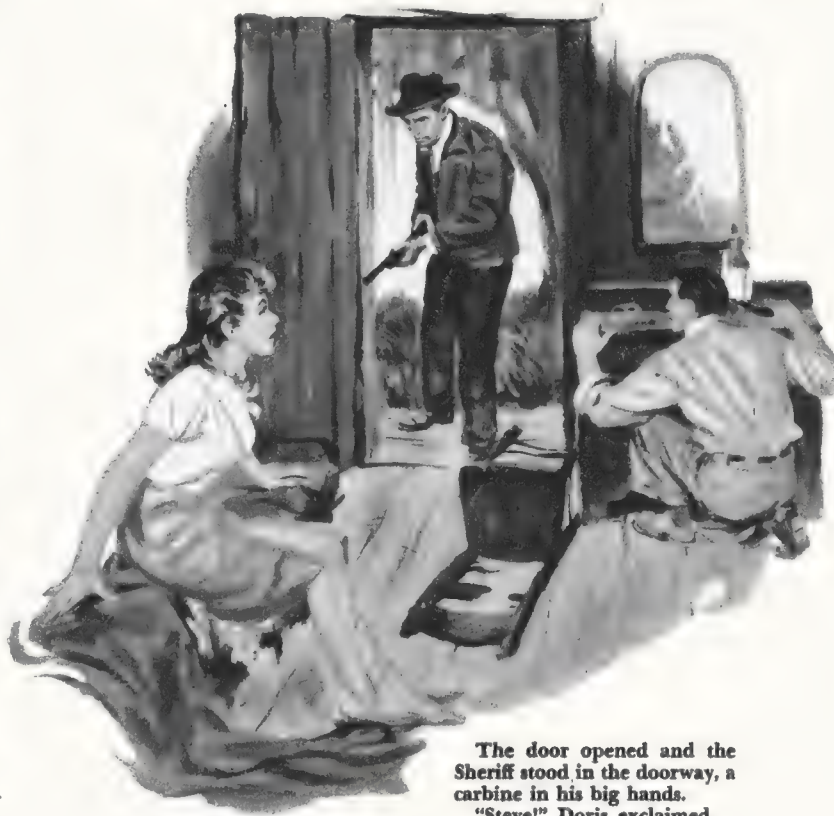
And then Doris screamed, and there was real pain behind it. There was a quick flicker of movement in the thick bushes, followed by an almost soundless splash as the snake slithered into the water.

"My leg," Doris moaned. "Help me!" She leaned back against me, her hand trembling on my arm. "Oh, God, it hurts."

She dropped to the ground, pulling up her torn skirt, exposing her long, curved legs, exposing the silken beginnings of the underwear that hugged her skin. I dropped to my knees, my hands trembling. I wanted to cry because I didn't know what to do, and I wanted to laugh at the same time because the whole situation was like something out of a Dali painting.

She moved quickly. Her hands went to the side of her skirt, undid a safety pin there. She handed the pin to me and said, "Slash it and draw out the venom. Quick, Yankee!"

Her hand brought my fingers to the bite. I felt the smooth curve of her leg stop abruptly where the lump was beginning to rise on her calf. I stabbed (Continued on page 62)



The door opened and the Sheriff stood in the doorway, a carbine in his big hands.


"Steve!" Doris exclaimed.

"Stay put," he said.

THIS IS WHAT

Dragged from her world of marijuana,

goof-balls and opium, Jackie awakens at
last to the terrible price she has paid



What a difference three years can
make! These two photos of Jackie
Krolm tell a story no words can.

DOPE HAS DONE TO ME

BY JACQUELINE KROHN

A women's story in a men's magazine is unusual, but when you have finished reading this girl's shocking confession, you will understand the purpose behind our policy departure. It is because of the men in Jackie's life that she hit the skids which changed her from a sweet, attractive girl to a drawn and dissipated prostitute. The moral is as old as the hills—but one should never tire of trying to show the young folks of our fast-living age that only degradation and self-destruction can come from transgressing the laws of God and of nature. Every man whose life is mingled with that of a woman must be concerned with this girl's revelation of her sins, and the penalty of them.—*The Editor.*

My name is Jacqueline Krohn, my friends call me Jackie. I'm 25 years old. And, as I sit down to tell you my story, I'm in the parish prison in New Orleans. I look back on those 25 years and wonder what the next 25 will bring. At least part of it, I know, will be spent in the Louisiana state penitentiary at Angola.

People tell me I'm still young, that I have my life ahead of me. Three years ago, I was an attractive girl. I have blond hair and blue eyes. I'm what men call petite; I stand only 5 feet tall and weigh but 110 pounds. At one time, men would stop and watch me longingly as I walked down the street. Now, I doubt if one would look at me even once. What beauty I had lies faded behind a mask of narcotics addiction. My face is drawn and pale; deep, dark circles are ringed beneath my eyes. My body, once well-formed, is now sagged and wrinkled—the result of my years as a prostitute and dope addict.

My friends, the few that I do have, tell me that if I

behave myself and straighten up, I can be free to start my life all over again before I am 35. I guess there is a slender thread of hope left, and I do so want to live a right and good life with Donald and the baby that's coming.

Twenty-five years old! That's supposed to be youth. But I'm not a girl. I'm really an aged woman, a convicted dope addict; I have already served one penitentiary term for the use of narcotics. I was married at 14, left my husband—to whom I'm still legally married—after three days, and, within a short while, became a prostitute. In the past 11 years, while practicing my trade, I became pregnant five times. Each time I lost the baby. I did nothing to prevent its coming; I wanted a baby badly. I wanted someone to love; someone to love me. But I was too weak to bear children. I guess it was the Lord's way of punishing me for the evil life I led. I hope the Lord forgives me and lets me keep the baby this time—my baby and Donald's.

Donald is the only man I've ever loved, and I'll love him until I die. Donald loves me, too, and before I'm sent back to the penitentiary, I hope we can arrange to be married—he and I both want that.

Whether there will be any life for us after that, I don't know. Right now, I'm clinging to my hopes and believe there will be. I'm facing 15 years' imprisonment as a two-

Jackie bares arms; needle marks are result of "mainlining."

Dets. Reinhard and Fernandez, with Jackie's dope kit and gun.





"It's the Lord's way of punishing me for the evil life I led."



Jackie's first arrest; dope had already faded her beauty.

time narcotics offender. In addition, the law has me charged on a number of other counts—I don't even know how many—for receiving stolen property.

When the police narcotics squad raided my apartment—which I shared with a girl friend and her 20-year-old paramour—they took all my belongings, including radios, appliances and the like, which I had purchased from a male acquaintance for a small fraction of their true value. It was, of course, stolen property. Maybe I could get as much as 100 years on all those counts—I know I'll have to pay a big price.

I don't blame anyone in particular for the shame and ruin I have brought upon myself, but men in general have certainly pulled me down.

My mother did her best to raise me right; my father had died when I was only a few months old. I was 13 and we were living in Bogalusa, a small town about 70 miles north of New Orleans, when I quit school to take care of my six younger half-brothers and sisters—all by my mother's third husband. It was then that I met Bill. Bill and I went together for a time and I thought I was in love with him. He was three years older than I, and mother didn't approve of our dating.

But Bill and I were infatuated and we often sneaked out together. One night we were carried away with emotions, and I let him make love to me. I see now that I was just a child, but that fatal night was the beginning of my downfall.

Afterward, Bill and I decided to get married at once. The next day I packed my belongings—Mother wasn't home—and left. Bill and I moved into an apartment which we shared for only one day. Before we had a chance to be legally married, I was arrested. Bill was away at the time. It seems that when Mother returned and learned that I had left home, she reported me to a town judge. He studied my case and asked her to sign a paper. She hadn't known at the time what the paper was. It was an affidavit charging Bill with raping me. Bill was only 17, but he was old enough, under Louisiana law, to be sent to the electric chair if convicted.

I was released in Mother's custody and, before the police had a chance to arrest Bill, he and I ran away again, this time to Covington, where we were married by a justice of the peace. Inasmuch as I was then his wife, the rape charge against him could not be prosecuted.

Our marriage should have been the end of my troubles. Actually, it was only the beginning. Bill stayed drunk the three days following our wedding, and he beat me. I realized then that I did not love him and could not live with him. I decided the only escape was to run away. I did, and I have been running ever since—mostly from the law.

I returned home and Mother took me back. I stayed with her for two months, until I found I was pregnant. When I told Bill, he beat me again and, as a result, I lost the baby.



Dets. Fernandez and Battaglia hear Jackie's plea, "Help me."

I could see no life for me in the small town of Bogalusa. At 14, I was a woman, a woman of experience. I had known the thrills of love, and longed for them again. But I had no man and no prospects of getting one. So I came to New Orleans and got a job as a waitress.

I hadn't been working long before I noticed that the other waitresses were going out after working hours with men who frequented the restaurant. In this way the girls were making extra money. This seemed to me to be a golden opportunity—to be loved and, at the same time, to have enough money to buy what I wanted. It didn't occur to me at the time that it could be so wrong. I began encouraging the men and soon several asked me for dates. I didn't look my age; I looked much older. I had matured early and had a shapely figure.

One of the customers I particularly liked. One night when he asked, I agreed to go out with him. He took me to a show and afterward we had dinner. Then we went for a drive in his car. It wasn't long after we parked that he began to paw me, so I told it to him straight. He readily agreed, but after he had made love to me in the car, he was bitter. As he handed me the \$10 I had asked for, he told me that if I was going to charge, I should be working in a house. He angrily gave me the address of a house and told me that I could get all the business I could handle there. I didn't think much of his suggestion at the time, but I did tuck the address into my purse.

I kept working in the restaurant for a while and continued having dates with the customers—for a flat fee of \$10. My standard of living quickly went up. All this time, I was thinking about the address the first customer had given me. I decided to give it a whirl and, that same day, quit my job.

On arriving at the house, I was greeted by Betty, the woman who was to be my first madam. She was a nice-looking woman in her early 30s.

She looked me over carefully and asked my age. I told her I was 21 and she replied, "O. K., kid, you've got a job." I went to work almost at once. There were 18 girls in the house, but for the next six months I hardly had any time to myself. We worked almost steadily. It's laughable, but sad, as I look back and remember the men would stand patiently in line outside the door of the room in which I was working. It was the same with the other girls. I sometimes had 50 dates a night. The price in the house was \$3 a date, and the cut between the girls and Betty was 60% for the girls, 40% for Betty. I made \$100 a night sometimes, but I soon learned that love is not

(Continued on page 50)



WAR OF THE KNIVES

Pagosa Spring in southwestern Colorado is unique for many reasons. It is probably the largest hot spring in the world. At least two men foolhardy enough to bet they could swim across the spring have been boiled to a soupy tenderness. Snow melts as fast as it falls on the ground surrounding the spring, and in winter it isn't unusual to see a baseball game and a skiing tourney going on within 200 yards of each other.

Pagosa Spring is also the site of one of the strangest duels in history, fought there some 80 years ago.

Indians who discovered the spring gave it its name—Pagosa, meaning "healing water"—and every year came to soak winter pains out of their bones in the hot mud flats south of the big pool. The spring is in the San Juan Valley, where game is plentiful. There is no reason why two tribes of Indians couldn't have shared valley and surrounding mountains, but instead, the Navajos and Utes waged a 200-year war there.

The ceaseless battles took their toll, and tribal leaders began to see a world in which there would be neither Navajos nor Utes. A powwow was called, and a rather sensible way of settling the 200-year war was decided. Each tribe would pick its best man, and the two would end the feud in hand-to-hand combat.

A rocky plateau overlooking Stollsteimer Creek, five miles southwest of the hot springs, was chosen for the scene of the fight. The Navajos selected a huge buck more than 6 feet tall to represent their tribe.

The Utes had adopted into their band a Dutchman, Colonel Albert Pfeifer, one-time scout with Kit Carson, and, despite his small stature, as full of scrap as a cornered wildcat. Colonel Pfeifer was particularly handy with a Bowie knife, and as knives were to be the weapons, he begged for and was given the right to represent his brothers, the Utes.

Pfeifer and the Navajo met in the huge circle of stone-faced spectators. They stared at each other, as expressionless as the watchers, while their left wrists were strapped together with rawhide. Each clutched a knife in his right hand. Death waited to claim the loser.

The signal was given to begin.

With a mighty whoop, the Navajo lunged at the Dutchman. The tremendous size of the Indian was both an advantage and disadvantage. With the power of his left arm, he almost swung Pfeifer off his feet. But his size also made him slower.

The razor-edged knife buried itself in Pfeifer's shoulder. Blood spurted on both contestants and streaked their sweating bodies. The Dutchman sliced twice; he knew that a stab, and the precious time wasted in withdrawing the blade, might decide the battle.

Again the Indian's knife flashed and descended. The Dutchman twisted and the steel grazed his neck. His own blade darted in and out, making ribbons of the Indian. Both were bleeding profusely, and Pfeifer felt his strength sapping. The Navajo was longer-armed; only if they closed in could they battle as equals.

The wiry Dutchman struck out with his feet, catching the Indian off balance, and the two tumbled to the ground.

Now, even the stoicism of the watchers broke. They crowded in for the *coup de grace*. The struggling figures on the ground twisted and stabbed.

The knife blades clashed together. Then suddenly all was still. The Navajo's head fell back limply; his arm twitched, raised, dropped, and the knife fell from his fingers. His eyes rolled in their sockets and came to blank rest on the serene blue sky overhead. A low wail of lament came from his tribesmen—the battle was over.

Pfeifer half lay over the Navajo. The Utes unstrapped their champion from his dead adversary and carried him to a bed of grass.

While the Navajos sang the death chant over their dead warrior, the Ute medicine men doctored their own victor. They put cobwebs and powder from the puff ball on his wounds to check the blood flow. They forced an herb brew past his white lips. Eventually he opened his eyes, and a glad cry went up from his adopted tribesmen.

Peace had come to the San Juan—the first peace in the history of any living man.

—Dick Nossaman

"I'll have a line drawn in front of the hotel," Hug said. "Come in wearing a gun and step over that line".



The Lady Had a Past

The London dude was a scientific slugger, but he'd never learned how to handle an armed badman. The fiery Martha had—and at a very tender age

by Roderick MacLeish

Illustrated by Ray Johnson

You mightn't know my Grandpap was an Englishman to hear me talk, but it's true. Of course *I'm* from right here and so was my Daddy, but Grandpap came all the way from London to Emblem Creek just to spend money. At least that's what folks thought.

He arrived in a cloud of dust and a pile of baggage. First thing foolish he'd done was to hire a private stage in Dodge City to bring him out. "Now what do you want a stage of your own for?" the ticket master asked him when he unloaded.

Grandpap smiled pleasantly because he was always pleasant to everyone. "Why to carry my trunks," he said.

"What in hell's in all them trunks?" asked the ticket master, looking bug-eyed at the heap the Indian boys were piling on the platform.

"Clothes," answered Grandpap, polishing his glasses, "clothes for the spring, the summer and all the other seasons. Is there a bar in this town?"

"Right down at the hotel," said the ticket master, staring at the baggage.

"Obliged," said Grandpap. He hitched up his plus-fours and went wandering down the street toward the hotel.

That's when the fun began. There was a crowd in the bar, all big hairy men in from the spring drives and full of sass and ginger. They could hardly believe their eyes when the doors swung back and there stood a thin-looking Englishman, with a little droopy mustache and a set of pinch-nose glasses, wearing plus-fours and a frock coat.

"I'll be damned," said Hug Rawley.

"And me too," said someone else.


Grandpap stepped over to the bar not looking to the left nor the right and ordered himself six fingers of bourbon. The eyes bugged farther out when he poured it down his throat without so much as a thank-you-m'am. Then he pulled a little hanky out of his sleeve and dabbed his lips.

"Evening, gents," he said politely.

Hug Rawley hitched up his gunbelt and spat on the floor. *(Continued on page 59)*

My Plane was

Shooting the pilot and purser in cold blood, the crazed Chinese held a pistol to the co-pilot's head, forcing him to steer for Red China.

 Living in modern Manila, one forgets too soon that the great South China Sea lies just beyond the bay, that the west wind blows heavy with the touch of the Orient, and that strange things can happen in a clear sky. Strange things like having your pilot and purser murdered in mid-air; like having your plane rocked by enemy shell fire from below; like having your wings torn by the guns of "friendly" planes from above; like landing in China while on a routine flight across the Philippines.

Airports, people will tell you, are the same the world over. The same paved runways, the same trim aircraft, the same gasoline trucks and service carts, and the same crisp efficiency. Nothing, they say, ever happens to interrupt routine; nothing *can* happen.

And until that fateful morning of December 30, 1952, I was, in my freshness from the United States, inclined to agree with them.

My trip had indeed been routine. With Miss Mary Alice Ireton, a fellow employee of the U.S. Information Service, I had been on an inspection tour of our facilities in various cities of the Philippine Islands, hopping uneventfully by

plane from one place to the next. On this particular morning we had wound up our work at Laoag, a city in the north-western corner of Luzon and only 18 degrees from the equator, and were looking forward to the flight that would, with a few stop-overs, get us back to Manila in ample time to welcome in the New Year.

The sun, even at 10 a.m., was blindingly brilliant, and waves of heat were shimmering above the runways when we arrived at the Laoag Ilocos Norte airport. I was grateful for the protecting gloom of the waiting room and the cooling whir of electric fans, and after the sun-blindness left my eyes I looked around to see if we might know any of those flying with us. There would be, I saw, seven of us, but of them all I knew only Mr. Carlos Baranda, a Manila business man whose tales of his wife and seven children had done much to brighten our previous meetings. Of the others, one was an attractive Filipina, whom we were to know as Miss Arcilla Barrera, one was a strikingly handsome Chinese youth of 25, so sharply dressed in a leopard-cloth sport jacket as to arouse an awed ejaculation from Miss Ireton, and the other two were a conservatively dressed Chinese father and his teen-aged son.

MURDERER

Chinese Nationalist soldiers grabbed Ang Tin Chok as he cockily alighted from hijacked DC-3 at Quemoy airport. Ang thought he had steered plane to his home town in Red China.



Hijacked

Marshall E. Nunn

For some reason, and with a nameless sort of uneasiness, I glanced several times at the flashily-clad Chinese youth. The spoiled son of some wealthy Chinese merchant who had fled to Manila ahead of the Red army, I decided.

The decision did not calm my thoughts about him, however. Before leaving Manila, I had been following the story of just such a youth in the newspapers. It was quite a story, and the Manila reporters had lost none of it in the telling.

On December 12th this newsworthy 25-year-old Chinese named Ang Tiu Chok had interrupted morning classes at the Philippine Chinese high school in Manila. He had drawn a gun, and ordered from her class a 16-year-old girl named Socorro Lim with whom he was madly infatuated. As the newspapers reported it, he was convinced that in spite of everything that had gone before, the girl was madly in love with him, and would flee with him anywhere. When she flatly refused, he shot her twice through the chest and fled.

About a year before, Ang had kidnapped Socorro from in front of her school but was captured and put in jail. They wanted to deport him to his native Amoy in Red



After his terrifying experience of being held prisoner aboard a plane by a merciless murderer, the author is interviewed at Manila, where he is attached to U.S. Embassy.

VICTIMS

Capt. Pedro C. Pechas (left), who served on Bataan, and purser Eduardo Diago (right) were slain. Before his mad flight, Ang shot 16-year-old Socorro Lim (center) for refusing to become his wife.





Firing from inside pilot's compartment, Ang shot twice through door, killing pursuer who knocked on door, then tried to force entry.

Author and fellow-passenger scrawled SOS signs with lipstick on seat covers to attract attention of Nationalist fighter planes.



China but he fought the move. Then, at an immigration hearing, he grabbed a gun and broke away. A posse took up his trail, and a desperate gun battle followed. Ang seriously wounded a patrolman in the fray, then was dropped with a near-fatal bullet.

On June 4th, after a long convalescence, Ang broke out of jail, one theory being that he managed his escape by climbing out of the jail toilet window. That was the last seen of him until his appearance at the high school where he pumped the two bullets into Socorro Lim.

This was the story that flashed through my mind as I noticed the young Chinese.

Our flight was announced at 10:30 a. m., and as we filed out I could not resist a closer look at the youth in the leopard-cloth coat. In the open, striding but a few paces ahead of me, he looked even bigger than he had in the waiting room—a six-footer with the formidable build and lithe movements of a prize fighter. But his face and manner reassured me. As he climbed the few steps into the plane, his smile at the purser was so amiable and friendly, his manner so calm and composed, that my suspicions relaxed at once. No desperate fugitive wanted for two attempted murders could possibly look as harmless as the fop ahead of me. Or so I thought as I followed him into the plane.

The plane was a DC-3 of the type so familiar in the United States, with a single row of seats on one side of the aisle and a double row on the other. I seated Miss Ireton in a single seat, gave Mr. Baranda the seat by the window, and then took the aisle seat between them. These arrangements were no sooner completed than the plane began to taxi out to the end of the runway. At 10:37 we left the ground.

For the next few minutes we were busy watching the scenery below us. Luzon is an island of immense contrasts. Jungles unexplored by white men crowd upon modern express highways. Ragged mountains rise abruptly out of vast plains as flat as lakes. Villages, unchanged for centuries, exist on the very outskirts of modern cities. Only a few weeks ago a tribe of blond pygmies was found less than a hundred miles from the white lights of Manila, living in a state of primitive cannibalism that has been completely by-passed by civilization for 15,000 years. For all that we could tell, such pygmies might well be living in the wild mountains over which we were flying at that very moment.

Our first scheduled stop was at the city of Aparri, 100 miles due east of Laoag, with nothing but mountains in between. I kept leaning across Mr. Baranda, watching those mountains, when the right wing of the plane seemed to rise up to slap me in the face. At the same instant we dropped sickeningly to the left. I grabbed the seat ahead of me and glanced wildly over my left shoulder. The left wing was pointed straight down into the jungle, and we were falling completely out of control.

I remember Mr. Baranda half-standing beside me saying, "Are we going to crash? Are we going to crash?" At the same instant the plane righted itself and pulled up with a violence that slammed Mr. Baranda into his seat as though he had been hit with a pile driver. My own stomach seemed driven down by my knees. The air was full of falling blankets, pillows and hand baggage dislodged from the over-head racks.

We waited tensely for the next shock that would indicate a final crash. But the seconds passed without interruption. The plane continued smoothly on course, and we began to breathe again, smiling wanly at each other.

The purser, Eduardo Diago, a handsome, friendly youth, came forward from his seat in the rear, calmly picking up the scattered baggage and murmuring words of assurance. "Just a bad draft," he told me with a smile. "The mountains, you know."

As he worked his way forward, I had time to look around me at the other passengers. Miss Ireton was her composed, smiling self, and the rest looked fully recovered from their fright.

I was just about to turn back to the window again when I heard two muffled reports. Purser Diago, about to open the door to the pilot's compartment, seemed to pause in the act and half-turn back. As he turned, I saw blood spurt from his head. He was still turning as he fell, his feet in the aisle, his head and shoulders between the wall and the two empty front seats. Two bullet holes in the compartment door stared at me.

If we had been momentarily panicked by the sudden drop of the

plane, we were now petrified. Being an eye-witness to murder is shocking enough on the ground, but to witness death while being held helpless in the sky, with a killer at large on the flight deck, is to experience a shock that transcends all normal fears. For long seconds I could only sit frozen, staring at my hands on my knees, watching the blood drain from them.

The frozen numbness of my brain gave way to flashes of wild conjecture. What was going on forward? Had the pilot or co-pilot gone crazy? If it was murder-suicide, why did all we passengers have to be taken along for the ride? Or was it a Communist plot? Was some desperate Red trying to steal the airplane, passengers and all?

I began counting the passengers, but could not tell anything that way. An empty seat might indicate a missing passenger, and then again it might indicate a passenger who had sensibly dived to the floor. I did not dare get up. My head was directly in line with the eye-level bullet hole in the door, and behind that bullet hole I could sense the baleful eye of the killer. He might not like my moving about.

Miss Ireton tapped my arm, and I jumped, startled. She pointed to the seat ahead of her.

"The man in the leopard-cloth coat," she said. "He's missing."

So that was it. In the gloom of the airplane after the bright light on the ramp, in the confusion of getting settled, and in the excitement of the first few minutes of flight, I had not noticed what passengers had taken what seats. Nor could any of us recall at what moment the sharply-clad youth had gotten up to go forward to the flight deck. All we knew with certainty was that he had been seated when we took off, and that he was not in his seat now.

The feeling that our man in the leopard-cloth coat and Ang Tiu Chok, the desperate fugitive from Manila, were one and the same began to grow into a certainty. To clinch the hunch, the plane began a slow turn, and when it straightened out the sun that had come in our right windows now came through the left. We reached the coast, flew along it a bit as though the pilot were seeking a landmark, and then with a sharp bank to the right we turned almost due north. We were out over the South China Sea, heading for—what?

The suspense for those of us in the passenger compartment was almost unendurable, but had we known the actual facts we would have been even more terrified. Up forward, as recounted to me later by Co-Pilot Felix Gaston, a drama was unfolding that for sheer terror and horror surpasses anything I have heard from the old China hands.

The man in the leopard-cloth coat, who was indeed Ang Tiu Chok, had slipped into the pilot's compartment a few minutes after take off. His gun was held lightly in his hand as he handed Captain Pedro Perlas a typewritten note reading: "Do not be alarmed. I am a desperate man. This is a stick-up. Do not talk to each other."

Captain Perlas read the note slowly, and then casually handed it over to Co-Pilot Gaston. It was an easy move, calculated to allay the gunman's suspicion and transfer his attention to the co-pilot. When the pilot was sure this had happened, he gave the wheel a sharp swing to the left at the same time applying full right rudder. The plane had dropped on its side like a stone, but Ang was not to be caught off balance. Steadying himself with his hand, he coolly fired two shots, killing Captain Perlas instantly.

Instinctively Co-Pilot Gaston pulled the plane out of its side-slip, fighting off the dead weight of the captain on the controls to do so. "All this time I'm thinking I'm a dead duck," he told me.

Gaston continued to fly on the course to Aparri, still thinking he might be able to talk Ang out of his idea of hijacking the plane for an escape flight to Amoy in Red China. Then came the purser's knock on the door. Whirling like the leopard he dressed to resemble, Ang fired two shots through the door, and instantly returned the smoking weapon to Gaston's head.

It was then that Gaston realized that the gunman was not only desperate, but insanely so. Enough to kill the co-pilot even though it meant his own death and that of all the passengers in the crash that would follow. Reluctantly Gaston found the coast and headed for Amoy.

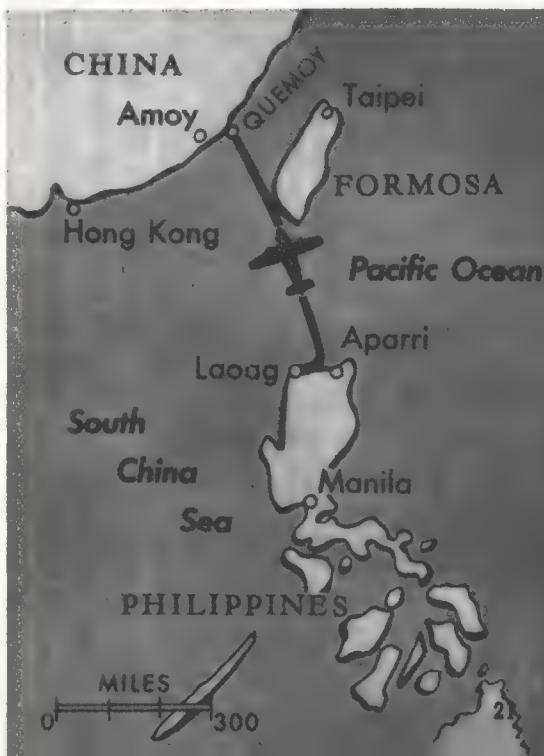
Efforts to simulate motor trouble failed to frighten Ang out of his mad idea of flying the China Sea. Efforts to change course were unavailing, Ang not only reading the plane's compass but checking it against a cheap compass that he wore

(Please turn the page)



Co-Pilot Felix Gaston effected rescue of plane and passengers by managing to land airliner just 15 miles away from Communist-held China.

Map shows the route of the ill-fated DC-3 as Ang forced plane northward toward Amoy. Gaston tricked him into landing at Quemoy instead.





MY PLANE WAS HIJACKED

(Continued from previous page)

on his wrist. In the end, the best Gaston could do was to reduce the plane's speed to a sluggish 120 mph. When Ang questioned this stalling maneuver, Gaston explained that it was necessary to save gas, and with that Ang had to be satisfied.

At no moment did Ang's cocked pistol leave Gaston's head. Once Gaston thought he might have a chance. By juggling his throttles, he succeeded in getting an engine so rough that he declared a crash was imminent. He ordered Ang to put on a life jacket while he himself donned the jacket hung ready at the back of his seat. Ang did put on the jacket, but he shifted his gun from hand to hand as he did so, and his deadly gaze did not waver for so much as a split second.

The maneuvers of Gaston to deceive the gunman were the brave efforts of a heroic man to save his aircraft, and as such they fill me with sincere admiration. But as one of the passengers who sat in a sputtering, floundering airplane a few hundred feet above the middle of the China Sea, I can assure you that the experience is one that has put permanent scars on my soul. By this time we didn't care if the killer was watching us or not. We got up and donned life jackets.

At 2:30 p.m. we passed over several islands and then over the coast of the mainland of China. We were flying so low that we could practically read the Communist banners hung in the village market places.

Suddenly Mr. Baranda motioned excitedly to me. He had sighted a fighter plane coming up fast on our right. I jumped to a rear window on the left and spotted another plane closing in.

Suddenly I gave a joyful shout. "Nationalist!" I shouted, and began waving my handkerchief frantically. The fighter pilot came in so close that we could smile at each other. I waved and he waved back. This was real friendly, but it was getting us nowhere. Somehow we had to let these

pilots of the Chinese Nationalist Air Force know we were in trouble.

It was Mr. Baranda who hit upon the brilliant idea of an SOS signal. Upon a white seat cover and with a lipstick borrowed from Miss Barrera, he wrote out "SOS-US" and held it up to his window. I quickly did the same on the left side of the plane. The pilot wagged his wings in understanding, and then pulled ahead, out of our sight. A moment later we felt our pilot waggle his wings, and we assumed that he was signaling that he would follow to some friendly base.

But we kept on flying. Once our motors were cut so far back that we went into a glide and came so low over a rice paddy that we braced ourselves for a crash. The motors came on full again, but we still continued on at low altitude. Then in the distance I heard the crash of anti-aircraft fire. I tried to calm my nerves by telling myself that we were being fired upon by Red air batteries, and that our pilot was hedge-hopping to remain below their range. I don't know why the thought should have been a comforting one unless it indicated that our unknown killer in the flight compartment wanted no more part of the Reds than we did.

Again we caught sight of the Nationalist fighter planes closing in from behind but this time their air of friendly investigation was gone. They were coming in fast and with purpose. Fire spurted from their wing guns. Holes popped up in our wings. Holes so close to our cabin that they perforated our wing roots. Quite clearly the fighter pilots meant us to follow them in or else.

I stared at the holes in the wings above the gas tanks, and waited for the flames to break out. None came.

At 3:15 p.m., after flying over land and water and land again so many times we had no idea of where we were, our spirits were suddenly lifted miraculously when the sign over the door to the pilot's compartment suddenly flashed: "No Smoking. Fasten Seat Belts." For the first time in hours we were able to feel there was someone flying the plane who actually cared about the passengers.

The landing came as a shock. We had been flying so low, wave-hopping over water and hedge-hopping over land, that when we did touch down, it was more as though we had finally crashed than settled on a runway. I hadn't felt the pilot lower the wheels, and of course had no idea there was an airport nearby.

Now that we were on the ground and the fear of crashing relieved, an even greater fear returned with the violence of an electric shock. Who would come out of that door?

Outside, inches away, was freedom and

life. Behind that door could be a suicidally desperate man, willing to kill us all, and himself with us, rather than fall into the hands of the Nationalists. We waited, my muscles tensed for the spring that might save or finish us.

The door opened. For the first time I noticed the violent contrast between the modern painting of a worker stripping Manila hemp that covered the front bulkhead, including the door, and the corpse that lay at its base. Co-Pilot Gaston came into view. He looked calm. He stepped carefully over the legs of the corpse, and came down the aisle. Imperceptibly I relaxed. At least we had no wild maniac charging into our midst.

Behind Gaston came the youth in the leopard-cloth jacket. He was walking indolently, his hands nonchalantly in his coat pockets. No guns were in sight. Outside there were armed Nationalist soldiers clamoring for the door to be opened, but the youth seemed to be absolutely sure that he would be welcomed with open arms. He was even smiling a little.

Gaston opened the door, lowered the stairs, and stepped out. The killer sauntered after him. We started to follow, but at once a guard motioned us back to our seats. Through our windows we could see Gaston being questioned a hundred yards or so away. Ang Tiu Chok was wandering around curiously, and then started back to enter the plane. At once we motioned, somewhat wildly, for the Chinese guards to seize him. A group closed in, not clearly understanding us, but they did lead him away.

At this point Ho Te, the Chinese father who had sat passively through it all, got up and talked briefly with our guards. Almost at once we were allowed to leave the plane, though not until after we had been searched for arms. Military police took us to their compound not far from the airport. And there we learned what had happened.

We were, they told us, at the airport of the city of Quemoy on the island of Chinmen. The island, only 15 miles from the Communist-held city of Amoy, was a stronghold of Free China, and we were truly safe and free. Looking around him at the bleakness that amounted to little more than a desert island, Mr. Baranda declared fervently, "This is the most beautiful piece of real estate I have ever seen in my life."

Gaston, we learned, had pulled a masterpiece of strategy in bringing us safely to Chinmen. After pointing out the city of Amoy, which the young killer recognized, he brought him into the Chinmen airport with the explanation that it was the Communist airport closest to the city. Firmly convinced that he was at last in the hands of Reds who would be delighted with his gift of an airplane and two dead airmen, he had strolled out confidently and into the hands of the Nationalist army. He is still in their hands at this writing, but Philippine justice is moving to get him in the end.

As for the rest of us, our flight back to Manila was—"routine!" •

CAVALIER, January 1954

AN EASIER WAY

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That Indian Rope Trick



The late Howard Thurston, world-famous magician, spent thousands of dollars on this spectacular stage version of the trick experts say can't be done.

For the past 598 years people have been talking about the Indian Rope Trick. \$50,000 is yours today if you can find anyone who has actually accomplished this remarkable feat.

by
Morton Sontheimer

IT is the considered opinion of many magicians that the best known trick in all magic has never been done. Yet there isn't a country in the world that hasn't heard of the Indian Rope Trick, and there's hardly a nation where you can't find somebody who claims to have seen it.

Accounts of it are varied, but the essentials differ little from the description recorded in the Lahore Civil and Military Gazette of 1898:

"The conjuror took a large ball of rope, and after having attached one of the ends of the rope to his pack which was lying on the ground, hurled the ball into the air. Instead of falling back to the ground, the ball continued to ascend, unrolling until it disappeared in the clouds . . . A large section of its length remained rigid.

"The magician ordered his son to climb the rope. Seizing the rope with his hands the little boy climbed up with the agility of a monkey. He grew smaller and smaller until he disappeared in the clouds as the ball had done . . . After a while, the magician called to his son to come down. The voice of the little boy replied from above that he did not want to come down . . . The magician became angry and ordered his son to descend upon penalty of death. Having again received a negative answer, the man, furious, took a large knife in his teeth and climbed up the rope and disappeared in the clouds. Suddenly a cry rang out, and to the horror of the spectators, drops of blood began to fall from the place where the magician had disappeared into the sky.

"Then the little boy fell to earth cut into pieces; first his legs, then his body, then his head. As soon as the boy's head touched the ground, the magician slid down the rope with his knife stuck in his belt. Without undue haste, he picked up the parts of the child's body and put them under a piece of cloth, under which he also put the rope (after having hauled it down from the sky). He gathered together his magician's paraphernalia, drew aside the cloth, and the little boy picked himself up perfectly intact."

Some \$50,000 in rewards have been offered for anyone who can duplicate this legend to the satisfaction of experts. Almost every magician who has visited India in the last 50 years has advertised a handsome offer in the native press for a demonstration of it. Milbourne

Christopher, noted magician and authority on rope tricks, says he has never known an instance of anyone collecting. Yet, periodically, sober travellers of integrity report having witnessed the trick.

The first known account appears in a manuscript dated 1355 A.D. by Ibn Batuta of Tangiers. Oddly enough, he claims to have

seen it in China, not India, and the version he saw was performed with a leather strap instead of a rope. After watching the gory spectacle, Ibn Batuta reported he had "an attack of palpitations" from which he was restored only by a drink of the Amir of Hangchow's finest brandy.

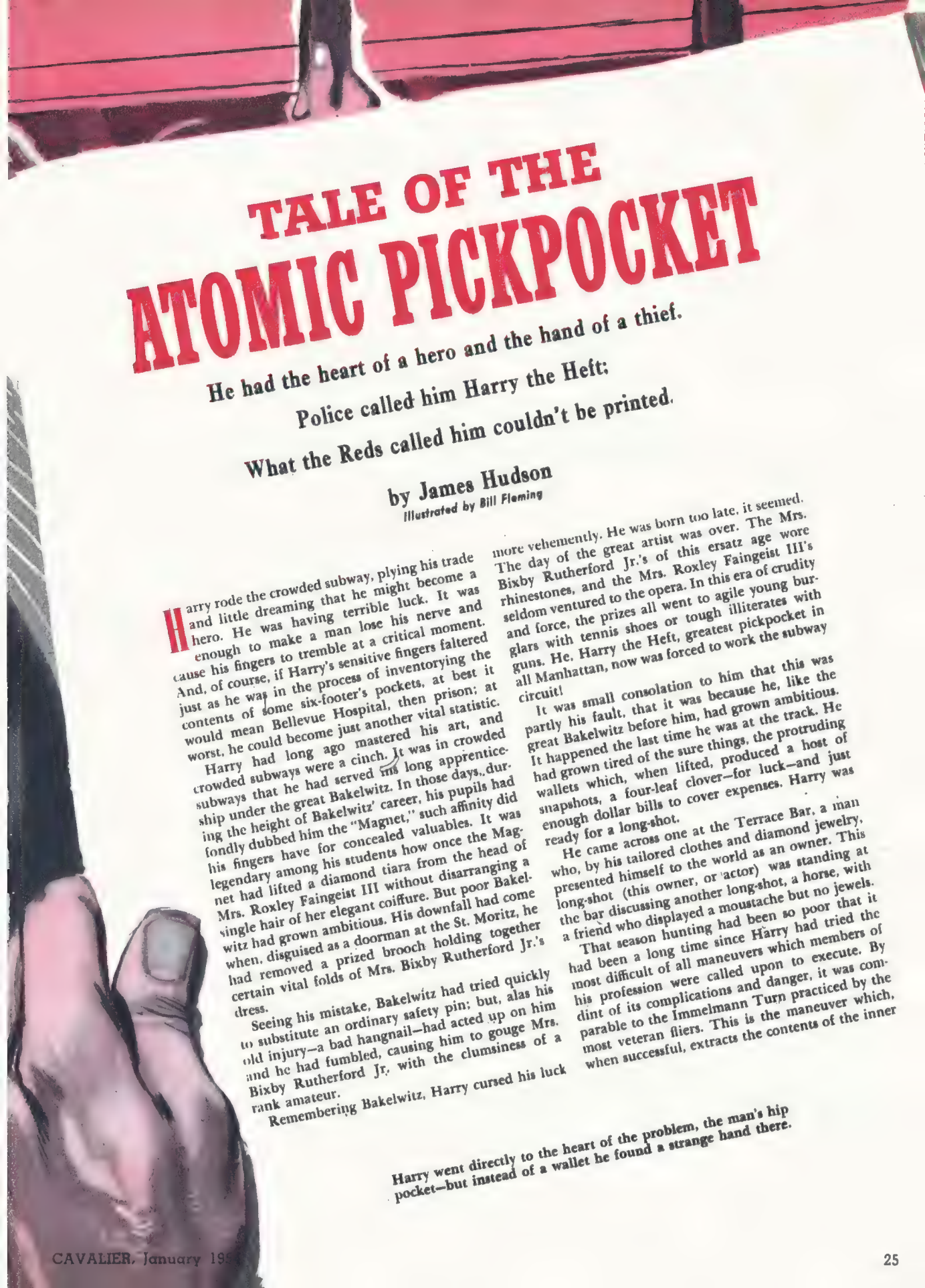
The Emperor Jehangir of New Delhi gave another account of the trick between 1605 and 1627, in which the magician used "50 cubits of chain" and had a dog, a hog, a panther, and a lion climb up it until they disappeared. Thereupon, he hauled down the chain and went home, leaving the Emperor and the other spectators staring incredulously into an empty sky. The report didn't clear up the fate of the dog, hog, panther and lion.

Many attempts have been made to explain the trick. One theory is that the magician never performs it at all, but creates the illusion by hypnosis. The trouble with that frequently offered explanation is, there is no such thing as mass hypnosis.

Servais LeRoy, the Belgian conjurer, was the first of the modern magicians to simulate the Indian Rope Trick. Thurston and Blackstone also staged imitations. But the average stage production is an anemic version in which an assistant climbs the rope and disappears in a puff of smoke. Some of the modern tricksters have used a copper wire concealed in the core of the rope to give it rigidity, and invisible wires either strung across the stage or suspended from above it.

A Canadian amateur, full of imagination and enterprise, once tried to collect the reward by an elaborate, detailed imitation of the trick. But after he put the "dismembered body" together again, one fake arm was left over and he was laughed off the stage.





TALE OF THE ATOMIC PICKPOCKET

He had the heart of a hero and the hand of a thief.

Police called him Harry the Heft;

What the Reds called him couldn't be printed.

by James Hudson

Illustrated by Bill Fleming

Harry rode the crowded subway, plying his trade and little dreaming that he might become a hero. He was having terrible luck. It was enough to make a man lose his nerve and cause his fingers to tremble at a critical moment. And, of course, if Harry's sensitive fingers faltered just as he was in the process of inventorying the contents of some six-footer's pockets, at best it would mean Bellevue Hospital, then prison; at worst, he could become just another vital statistic.

Harry had long ago mastered his art, and crowded subways were a cinch. It was in crowded subways that he had served his long apprenticeship under the great Bakelwitz. In those days, during the height of Bakelwitz' career, his pupils had fondly dubbed him the "Magnet," such affinity did his fingers have for concealed valuables. It was legendary among his students how once the Magnet had lifted a diamond tiara from the head of Mrs. Roxley Faingeist III without disarranging a single hair of her elegant coiffure. But poor Bakelwitz had grown ambitious. His downfall had come when, disguised as a doorman at the St. Moritz, he had removed a prized brooch holding together certain vital folds of Mrs. Bixby Rutherford Jr.'s dress.

Seeing his mistake, Bakelwitz had tried quickly to substitute an ordinary safety pin; but, alas his old injury—a bad hangnail—had acted up on him and he had fumbled, causing him to gouge Mrs. Bixby Rutherford Jr. with the clumsiness of a rank amateur.

Remembering Bakelwitz, Harry cursed his luck

more vehemently. He was born too late, it seemed. The day of the great artist was over. The Mrs. Bixby Rutherford Jr.'s of this ersatz age wore rhinestones, and the Mrs. Roxley Faingeist III's seldom ventured to the opera. In this era of crudity and force, the prizes all went to agile young burglars with tennis shoes or tough illiterates with guns. He, Harry the Heft, greatest pickpocket in all Manhattan, now was forced to work the subway circuit!

It was small consolation to him that this was partly his fault, that it was because he, like the great Bakelwitz before him, had grown ambitious. It happened the last time he was at the track. He had grown tired of the sure things, the protruding wallets which, when lifted, produced a host of snapshots, a four-leaf clover—for luck—and just enough dollar bills to cover expenses. Harry was ready for a long-shot.

He came across one at the Terrace Bar, a man who, by his tailored clothes and diamond jewelry, presented himself to the world as an owner. This long-shot (this owner, or actor) was standing at the bar discussing another long-shot, a horse, with a friend who displayed a moustache but no jewels.

That season hunting had been so poor that it had been a long time since Harry had tried the most difficult of all maneuvers which members of his profession were called upon to execute. By dint of its complications and danger, it was comparable to the Immelmann Turn practiced by the most veteran fliers. This is the maneuver which, when successful, extracts the contents of the inner

Harry went directly to the heart of the problem, the man's hip pocket—but instead of a wallet he found a strange hand there.

breast pocket of the game without detection, even when that game is located in fairly sparse terrain. To meet success with it, one needs all the skill of a man who is able to stalk ducks without benefit of blind or decoy. But Harry hesitated only a moment; then, filled with resolve, he approached the two men and tried to sell them a program. "No. What's the matter with you? I have a program," exclaimed the man who, a moment before, also possessed a pigskin wallet.

Harry stalled. "I just thought the gentleman might like another one."

He knew, at that moment, he should make a strategic withdrawal, and be satisfied with the wallet which now was cradled in his loose left sleeve. But unhappily his appraising eyes had fallen upon the owner's watch. It was thin, expensive, and equipped with a handsome cloth band which was child's play to sever. Persisting in his sales talk, Harry was working on it with a razor blade when the man suddenly reached for his Scotch and soda.

"What the hell!" screamed the man, clutching his cut wrist. "This idiot is trying to kill me! POLICE!"

Harry ran and, somehow, managed to escape. Two days later he was picked up by Patrolman Broderick Fitzpatrick.

It was always about two days after any sensational pick-pocket coup that Harry was picked up by Patrolman Broderick Fitzpatrick. It was always two days because that was as long as Harry could stand being away from Dugan's Billiard Parlor. It was always Patrolman Broderick Fitzpatrick because the patrolman, a good friend of Dugan, loyally refrained from putting Dugan's address on the police blotter for all to see. It was always Harry, of course, because during some 20 years he had been more successful at establishing a reputation than the police had been in proving that this reputation was justified.

By the time he was placed under arrest, Harry, as usual, had taken all precautions. He had cremated the wallet and hidden the money where Fitzpatrick would never think to look for it—in Dugan's cash register. But there had been not just one, but two eyewitnesses this time, and Harry was certain that these precautions were but empty rites.

Patrolman Broderick Fitzpatrick unceremoniously hauled Harry before the desk sergeant. Later there was the harsh lights of the line-up and the indignity of having to stand on the same platform not only with crooks and lesser artists, but with cops as well.

Fortune was the only one who smiled on Harry that day. There were scowls from cops, scowls from newspapermen, and a scowl from the owner-actor who passed him by without recognizing him.

"Isn't this the man?" whispered Patrolman Broderick Fitzpatrick, hopefully.

"I can't be sure," said the owner-actor, who today was playing the melancholy Dane. "I can't be sure at all. I do wish the other witness had shown up. He could be sure. You see, unfortunately I was wearing sunglasses that day."

Harry, always the professional, noticed that Hamlet was still wearing his watch. This time it was girded to his wrist by a band of stout steel.

"Okay, Harry. Step down," bellowed the sergeant. "And wipe that smile off your face. You haven't gotten away with anything yet. Just wait until we find that other witness."

Now Harry was a sportsman, but he was no fool. Prudently, he had decided to forego the track, and long shots, until the reverberations from his latest coup had died down. Even so, he suffered from the heat and noise of the crowded subway train, and he still was subject to occasional qualms when he imagined that moustached, jewel-less man finally showing up at police headquarters. . . .

Such unpleasant musings were cut short, however, when a customer entered the train. Harry was a study of nonchalance as he made his way through the crowd to the platform where the stout man in the Brooks Brothers suit was standing. He stood beside the customer a minute, deciding

upon his approach. One of the interesting things about Harry's profession was that each transaction posed a different problem.

The customer was reading the financial page as Harry searched the left inner jacket pocket, using the difficult Caesarian approach. That pocket was empty.

The customer turned to the real estate page and Harry extended his operation—a variation of the Bakelwitz thrust—to the right pocket. It, too, was empty.

Turning to the lighter side of the news, the customer leaped to the features as Harry thumbed through the contents of the jacket's side pockets. *Curses!* thought Harry. This customer must be carrying his wallet in his hip pocket, in violation of the Bakelwitz rule for fat men. And he was leaning beside the train door in a position which thwarted Harry's most skillful approach to that defense perimeter.

Harry decided he would have to use a lure, though he hated to. So many big ones got away that way.

He reached into his own pocket and dropped a dollar and fifty cents to the floor. The dollar was for lure. The fifty cents was strictly for noise.

The fat man turned from his paper and watched Harry bend over, pick up the fifty cent piece and overlook the dollar bill. Harry straightened up and became absorbed by the tunnel wall thundering past the window.

Now luring had certain rules. If the fat man returned Harry's dollar, he was no longer fair game. If he kept it, he could use it to get home on.

Out of the corner of his eye Harry watched the fat man stoop ponderously, snatch the dollar bill and stick it in his pocket. Harry smiled. This maneuver had caused the customer to emerge from the corner so that his flanks were no longer protected. Lifting the wallet was easy now.

Returning it was more difficult. He had to return it because a quick glance told him it contained only 12 dollars. He was looking for fat wallets containing so many tens and twenties that a couple of them might be overlooked. All other wallets he was returning undisturbed to their owners. This was the difficult restriction he had placed on himself after the race track fiasco. He didn't want Fitzpatrick to have the slightest excuse to pick him up, for awhile anyway.

The would-be customer had retreated to his corner where Harry couldn't reach his seat pocket again. Harry shrugged and dropped the wallet into the man's side pocket. Then, remembering the dollar the man had dishonestly kept, Harry relifted the wallet, turned around to shield his action, indignantly snatched a dollar from the wallet and dropped the wallet back into the man's pocket. In this business you had to watch sneaky types such as this or you'd end up in the red.

Harry got off at the next station, disgusted. His tournament with the fat man had taken him to 86th Street, far from his base of operations. All day it had been the story of the fat man over and over again; he had had to return one wallet after the other with their contents undisturbed. The people were being taxed to death.

To distract his mind from such brooding thoughts, Harry quietly engaged in a little shadow-boxing while waiting for the downtown train. Time and again he snatched a gold watch from his pocket to see if he could feel it. Sometimes he was so successful he'd absent-mindedly put the watch back in a different pocket.

He had a devil of a time keeping up with that watch. On his way downtown Harry's luck changed. Hanging on a strap was a man who obviously belonged in a chauffeured limousine. The car was crowded and Harry had no trouble in edging up to the man and hanging onto the strap beside him. Harry went directly to the heart of the problem, the man's hip pocket, and discovered—another hand! Curious as to whom the hand belonged, Harry peered around the man. His indignant stare was met by the indignant stare

of the man's neighbor, a big man who displayed a moustache, but no jewels.

Looks of curious indignation quickly became looks of hatred. It was the missing witness, the owner-actor's companion—the one man needed to put Harry in jail!

His first impulse was to flee. Then he smiled, no longer afraid. It wasn't every day that you ran across someone in someone else's pocket. But it certainly wasn't difficult for Harry to guess what the man was doing there. So *that* was why Moustache hadn't shown up at police headquarters.

Harry continued searching his unsuspecting patron's pockets. He and Moustache were engaged in a sort of duel, Harry methodically going through the patron's pockets on one side and his moustached colleague going through the pockets on the other. When the train stopped at the next station, Harry got off and waited for his competitor so they could compare notes.

The big man gestured and followed Harry upstairs to the entrance of a basement apartment. Harry started to shove a packet of cigarettes at his rival. But his rival was quicker on the draw. He shoved something at Harry first. It was a pistol.

"Okay, Pinhead. What's your game?"

"Apparently the same as yours, only I never need one of those things," Harry said with professional pride.

"Can the jokes. Gimme all you took off him."

"Why don't you go on and rob a bank? It's clowns like you that lower the standards of the profession," Harry sneered.

The pistol explored Harry's stomach. He handed over the tens he had removed from the man's money clip and a small sheaf of scholarly notes which, since they had aroused his curiosity, he had been unable to resist.

The moustache twitched. Its owner was looking over the scholarly notes.

"Who do you work for?" he growled.

"I work for no man," Harry said with pride.

"Come off it. What could you do with this all by yourself?" he asked, waving the scholarly notes in Harry's face.

"What is it?" Harry asked.

"Oh, now, don't play innocent. What does it say?"

Harry read the title of the neatly typed papers: *Observations on the Private Lives of Salamanders*.

"Salamanders?" Harry asked.

"Yeah. Salamanders," the man laughed. Suddenly jocund, he handed Harry the tens he had lifted from the man on the subway. "Here, Pinhead. This is for your trouble. But I never want to see you again, get it? I don't like violence, do you?" he asked before placing the papers, foolishly, in his jacket's side pocket.

"No," Harry confessed.

Without so much as a goodbye, the man turned and walked briskly from the basement door. Harry raced down the subway stairs, hoping to catch a train before the man missed the papers he had lifted from his jacket pocket. He really didn't care about salamanders, but in all his career he had never had a pistol pointed at him before. The resentment aroused by this experience brought forth a hitherto unsuspected capacity for spite.

The train was just pulling into the station when Moustache came running down the steps, already nervously patting the bulge his pistol made under his jacket.

Harry was no track star but he would have been a welcome addition to any team as he sprinted up another flight of stairs. Outside, he mingled with a crowd for a block, then hailed a cab. He didn't notice that he was still being followed.

That night, propped up in bed and smoking a cigarette, Harry lifted his eyebrows as he read:

"S. salamandra shows a surprising number of almost-human characteristics. . . the male clasps the female at the arms. . . . The embryo passes through three stages. . . ."

Laying aside the treatise, Harry analyzed his reactions to these observations: They left him cold.

Once, when business was dull at the track, he had visited the old Aquarium. But no matter how much the fish seemed to distract the other people they certainly didn't turn one man from his job that day. Harry had heard, too, of people who raised fish as pets, though personally he was of the conviction that a fish would make a pretty poor companion. Here, though, were papers written by a man who apparently had spent more time with fish than with people.

Harry shook his head. This treatise and his chance meeting with Moustache, who apparently attached great value to this work on salamanders. . . . It was all very strange.

Harry thought it was strange, too, when later that night he was awakened by someone's cautiously trying his door. Quickly he sat up, wide awake. No one, not even police, had ever tried to gain entrance to his place in such a manner. It must be burglars! Then he remembered. *Moustache!*

The person on the other side of the door tried turning the handle the other way. Already Harry was slipping into his trousers. Cat-like he de-

(Continued on page 54)

As Harry occupied the place of honor on the platform, the entire city heard all about his amazing exploits.



ACE IN THE HOLE

Learn just one good trick of self-defence and you'll never be unarmed. Here are 13 effective ones to pick from

by **Ralph Bellamy**

Star of "Man Against Crime"

PRODUCED BY GEORGE ROSENTHAL



ROUGH AND TUMBLE

1. Get assailant off balance by grabbing his coat front. Now he's unable to throw any weight into his punches.
2. In simultaneous action, smash your knee into his groin and bring your forehead down on the bridge of his nose. Should your knee miss, his "jack-knife" reflex will bring his head forward, enabling you to land a nose crusher.

If you're like most men, you probably think self-defense tricks are just for the experts and the athletic guys with the big muscles. Well, you're wrong—anyone can learn self-defense. It's simply a matter of looking over the different defenses and picking the one that fits you best, both mentally and physically.

And everyone should learn at least one good trick of self-defense—because the chances are good, no matter who you are or where you live, that some day you're going to find yourself in a spot where that one good trick can mean the difference between taking a brutal beating or getting away with a whole hide.

The odds on a one-trick defense succeeding are all in your favor. An assailant has to come in close to attack you. In so doing he must come within your reach, and even an experienced brawler cannot know which trick you're going to pull on him. Even if he recognizes the defense as you start it, he still can't do much about it. His muscles are tensed for the attack he has started. He must relax and regroup them for the defense. This takes two moves. You are using one.

In defending yourself, the success of your action depends on a combination of surprise and knowledge of the right moves—not on brute strength. This is not to say that strength counts for nothing in a brawl, but rather that self-defense puts the strength you have to the best possible use. Even if your attacker is more powerful than you, you are still more than a match for, say the fingers of one of his hands. So you launch your attack against those fingers. They're bound to give—and so is he.

An important thing to remember about self-defense is that it means just that. Self-defense does not call for a course of planned destruction—it is more a means of escape. Setting an attacker on his rear long enough for you to run to safety is as much a defense as using a .45 to cover your getaway. And while it probably isn't as satisfying, it's recommended by the police.

A good selection of easily-mastered one-trick defenses is shown here to give you the opportunity to find the holds best suited for you.

Get the feel of the tricks you choose by trying them on a friend. Then when you read about or witness a brawl, put yourself into the place of the person who's been attacked and picture how you would have used your holds. After awhile, they'll be a part of you and, when it counts, they'll act like reflexes.

These holds are meant to be used when the chips are down. They hurt—so be careful when you try them out on that helpful pal. Save the rough stuff until it's necessary. Then make your ace in the hole pay off. •



HOW TO BREAK A FRONT STRANGLE

1. Grip his elbows, one hand forcing up, the other down.
2. Pull one elbow toward the ground, simultaneously pushing the other elbow up. Make certain that you have your hips in a position to block any possible knee action.
3. When his balance is gone, shove him hard into a fall.



SIMPLE BREAK AGAINST A BEAR HUG.

1. No matter how big the hoodlum or how strong his hold, he can be made to let go. First, work your arms forward, clench fists, then point your thumbs out and up.
2. Jab them right into lower wall of assailant's abdomen.



BEAT HIM TO THE PUNCH

1. Facing opponent, grip rear of his right shoulder with your right hand, then shove heel of your left hand against his chin, forcing it toward his left shoulder.
2. As you work both manoeuvres, move right leg to the rear of his right hip. Trip and smash him down on his head.



COUNTER TO BEING HIT AND HELD

1. Pin the hand that the assailant has against your body to yourself with the flat of your corresponding hand.
2. Swing your right arm over his pinned one, moving your body at the waist as though you were punching a target.
3. This mounts leverage against his captured wrist and forces him off balance at the penalty of having his wrist snapped. Cut back at his throat with edge of free hand.



BREAK FROM A STRANGLE

1. When taken from behind, turn neck so that strong side muscles are the ones that take pressure of the choke.
2. Swing your leg to the back of assailant to block his legs from the rear, then lean backwards. This forces him backwards also, thus opening his groin to attack.
3. Then drive your arm into his vitals.



A SHORT WAY OUT OF A BRAWL

1. Seize attacker's hair and pull his head down and forward.
2. Bring knee hard to attacker's face, aiming at nose area, at the same time striking his neck with a rabbit punch.



BREAKING UP AN ATTACK

1. Grab his lapels in a criss-cross grip so your left hand grips his left lapel and your right hand grips his right lapel. At the same time, throw one of your legs behind him to act as a trip and to keep you from being kicked.
2. Pull your grip together. This has the effect of turning his collar into a noose that will cut the flow of blood from his brain. Then just shove him over your trip-leg.



CAPTURE AND "COME ALONG" HOLD

1. Move to assailant's side, facing same direction as he.
2. Grab his hand from below with the crotch formed by the thumb and fingers of your hand. Now your palm should be against his, your thumb against the back of his hand.
3. Still holding his hand, as above, lift your elbow and hook it into crook of his arm. Tighten both grips hard.



ELBOW BREAK DEFENCE

1. Grab the attacker's hand or wrist and yank his arm out straight, stiffening his elbow with your other hand.
2. Then turn and step in front of him with your left leg.



A BREAKAWAY FROM CLOSE CONTACT

1. Hold your hand against attacker's hip or kidney region.
2. Jab the stiffened fingers of your free hand straight into his throat—and shove. This forces him against your blocking hold and painfully breaks his balance.



BREAKING THE HAMMERLOCK

1. While he has your right arm pinned behind your back, whirl about so that your free elbow can smash against your assailant's temple, his Adam's apple, or his jaw.
2. To pull clear, keep spinning while he is still shocked.



COUNTER TO WEAPON ATTACK

1. You can counter his knife thrust by dropping your matching arm inside his attacking wrist and shoving outward.
2. Then, with the other hand, drive a pencil (or similar object) into assailant's eye. Has same effect as bullet.



Busby's Rat

Death waited at Cresap's Landing—horrible, gruesome death, fed by hate, spurred by revenge, dealt by . . . ?

This was what made the memory of that summer such a troubling thing: There was no moral to it. Preachers searched for it and the whispering women and the loafers on the long porch of the Brass House pondered over it years after. Some laid all the blame on old Busby and some on Jonas Tanner. But the women laid it mostly on Busby's daughter, Eliza, because she was beautiful and they could not forgive her that. In the end there was no answer and no lesson. Captain Gunn used to say that the river itself was the real criminal. But you cannot hang a river.

Old Busby was no fool. Once he had been the

finest pilot on the Ohio. Captain Gunn used to tell of the time when he and Busby were partners on the *Prairie Belle*. Even then Busby hated the river. He would stand at the pilot wheel like a man with a whip lashing a great and treacherous beast before him. And in the end, what he feared most, happened: The river turned on him.

This was 15 years after what Captain Gunn always referred to as the "Trouble Between the States," and he and Busby were now partners on the *Phoenix* out of Louisville. A boiler exploded three miles below Shawneetown, and Busby was pinned beneath a cotton bale on the boiler deck



by Dave Grubb

Illustrated by Hamilton Greene

with the live steam playing steadily, mercilessly on his legs.

Captain Gunn, by some miracle, had escaped without a scratch and, all that night, had helped get the wounded and dying to Shawneetown. Busby was left for dead on the counter of a general store, and then at midnight he had begun to scream again and the doctor amputated both legs.

In the spring Captain Gunn brought Busby and his small daughter Eliza back to Cresap's Landing and secured for him the position of wharf-master. There Busby sat day in and day out for 20 years on a little calico pillow, glowering at the

"Eliza, go into the bedroom!" snarled Busby, staring with animal-like hatred.



river. He and his daughter lived in the two rooms at the fore of the little wharf boat. The rest of it was storage room for freight; aft there was a room with sleeping accommodations for passengers who had to wait overnight for the morning packet.

Such a traffic of gamblers and whores and river-scum came and went there that it was a wonder Eliza had not actually grown up to be as wanton as the women of the Landing said she was. She was a dark, ripe girl with hair as rich and shining as a kettle of blackberries. Legend had it that Busby had murdered her Creole mother in Natchez when the girl was still a baby, then had fled north with a price on his head and gotten a pilot's berth in the Ohio trade. Yet the women of Cresap's Landing never hated Busby so much as they hated his daughter. And they whispered darkly as they watched the girl ripen into womanhood with the brooding beauty of a river willow.

Still, the thing that made Busby the talk of every riverman on the Ohio was not his temper nor his twisted body nor his beautiful daughter. It was the rats. Captain Gunn always said that Busby loved the creatures because they were the only living things that the river could never beat. From Pittsburgh to New Orleans they thrived along the banks among the mud and litter of flood-borne trash, flitting soundlessly along the shores at dusk and dawn—huge and grey and immortal.

When the spring floods washed thousands of them from their warrens, it would seem that the last of their kind had been sucked into the yellow waters forever. But when the river fell, and left the reeking, naked bluffs studded with the wreckage of houses and trees and the bloated bodies of livestock, the rats were always there again, darting like nervous shadows under the willows.

The river had turned on Busby, broken him and left him to rot out his destiny on the deck of a wharfboat. But the river could not beat the rats. They were immortal. Busby loved them for that. It had to be the answer, though Captain Gunn did not like to think about it often. . . .

One night, many years after the tragedy on the *Phoenix*, he went down to the wharfboat to pay Busby a friendly call. It was a warm June night just after sundown, and Captain Gunn could see Busby on his little cushion on the deck, his huge shoulders towering above his ruined body, his shaggy, dark head bent a little in the half-light. Captain Gunn stopped on the bricks at the head of the landing and stared, almost unbelieving. Busby was speaking in a low voice to someone. And yet there was no one there. Captain Gunn could not make out the words but there was something gentle and coaxing in the tone that was unlike Busby's usually loud and profane speech. Then Captain Gunn saw the rats.

For an instant he was sure they were the shadowy tricks that river dusk plays on men's eyes. He could not bring his mind to believe what he saw. There were a dozen of them—huge grey creatures, sitting on their haunches in a semi-circle around Busby like a litter of begging pups.

Busby had a bread loaf between the stumps of his legs and he was tearing off little bits of it and holding them out for the rats to take. There was something almost appealingly human in their aspect. Their little paws were like hands, and their black eyes were twinkling with an almost child-like pleasure. The most awesome of them seemed to be their leader. Captain Gunn said it was the largest rat he had ever laid eyes on, and he had seen rats on the Memphis waterfront that could kill a feisty dog. This rat was nearly two feet from its whiskers to the tip of its tail,

and it sat in the very center of the semi-circle just a few inches from Busby's calico cushion.

Captain Gunn gave up all notions of paying Busby a visit that night, and yet he could not tear himself away from the horrible and yet, somehow fascinating, spectacle. In a few moments the bread was all gone, and then Busby dipped into the pocket of his old pilot's coat and pulled out something shiny. It was a mouth harp. Captain Gunn could barely see him now as the fog reached up from the cattails along the shore, but he could hear the music. And he was never likely to forget the tune—Old Dan Tucker. Nor would he ever likely forget the sight, faint and blurred but unmistakable, of old Busby reared back against the wall of the cabin playing his mouth harp and keeping time with his head while the rats pranced and frolicked about him on the deck like dancers at a cotillion.

Captain Gunn left then. He hurried up to the bar of the Brass House and had two stiff drinks of bourbon as fast as he could get them down, saying not a word to anyone that night about what he had just witnessed. It was a long time before he could bring himself to speak of it. After a while he tried not to think of it at all.

Nobody might ever have known about the rats if Jonas Tanner hadn't met Eliza Busby that summer and fallen in love with her. Jonas was Captain Gunn's nephew, a man in his middle thirties, dark and earnest-looking with the pale, sallow complexion of people with heart disease. Captain Gunn had felt that the pleasant river voyage from Wheeling to Cincinnati might improve his nephew's health, so he had arranged cabin passage for him.

The evening the *Noah Cunningham* put into Cresap's Landing Jonas caught sight of Eliza in the window of the wharfboat and fell in love with her almost instantly. The boat was not scheduled to leave again till morning, so Captain Gunn had secured accommodations for his partner, himself and his nephew at the Brass House. That evening, as the three sat eating their supper together in the hotel dining room, Captain Gunn could see how deeply Jonas had been smitten with the beauty of Busby's dark-eyed daughter. But he said nothing, eating his meal in silence with an occasional glance at Jonas' untouched plate, knowing the young man would return to the landing that night to see the girl again. . . .

Eliza was alone in the kitchen when Jonas came back just after sundown. Busby was out on the deck and did not hear him come aboard. At first Eliza was too frightened to speak—not so much of Jonas as of the awful rage his presence was certain to arouse in Busby. Jonas introduced himself properly and Eliza, scarcely knowing why, asked him to sit down. Neither of them could keep his eyes off the other.

"My name is Jonas Tanner," he said. "I'm the nephew of Captain Gunn of the *Noah Cunningham*. I hope you're not angry at my just coming up and introducing myself like this. I saw you when we docked today, and I thought maybe you might not mind my coming down this evening. It's so quiet up in the town. Not a bit like Cincinnati or Louisville. What's your name?"

"Eliza," she whispered.

"Are you angry with me?"

"No," she said. "It's very strange. But I'm not angry."

Then she blushed and fell silent for a moment, oblivious to anything in the world but this pale, thin stranger who looked at her with such a tender warmth. Then she gasped and turned quickly at the dry scuffling that marked Busby's progress in from the deck. Jonas stared at the

great torso and the shaggy head upon it crouched there in the doorway, staring with an animal malevolence first at the girl and then at him.

"Eliza," Busby said, "go into the bedroom."

Jonas glanced quickly at the girl, saw her black eyes blaze. She seemed more beautiful to him then than anything he had ever seen. Then he felt the blood rush angrily to his face.

"Eliza!" roared Busby, smashing his fist on the floor beside him. "Get into the bedroom!"

Jonas suddenly grew wild with rage and opened his mouth to answer the old man. Then he saw the rat. It came up beside Busby as swiftly and silently as the shadow of a gar. Jonas closed his mouth and felt the sweat break on the back of his neck as Busby reached over and gathered the huge creature into his arms, stroking its grey ears as if it were a house cat. Eliza seemed to wilt then, and the fire went out of her eyes. She went into the bedroom.

"There have been several," said Busby in a strong, clear voice, "who have taken a fancy to my daughter, sir. Every one of them lived to regret it."

Then, letting the rat loose, he turned suddenly on his fists and went back out through the open doorway onto the deck.

Jonas stood for a moment, wondering whether to have the thing out then or to wait. He could hear Eliza in the bedroom sobbing softly. Jonas' heart was troubling him so badly from the excitement that he decided to put the business off till morning. He went back to the Brass House then, wondering at what he had seen—this wild, golden girl living with Busby. And the rat. That seemed the darkest part of the whole business.

Jonas took his heart medicine and undressed silently

in his room. He decided to say nothing at all to Captain Gunn but to have the matter out with Busby when the *Noah Cunningham* returned from Cincinnati at the end of the month.

When the steamboat put into Cresap's Landing again two weeks later, Captain Gunn suspected without Jonas' telling him that the boy meant to marry Eliza Busby and take her away. That night, when he saw his nephew heading down Walter Street he was certain he'd been right.

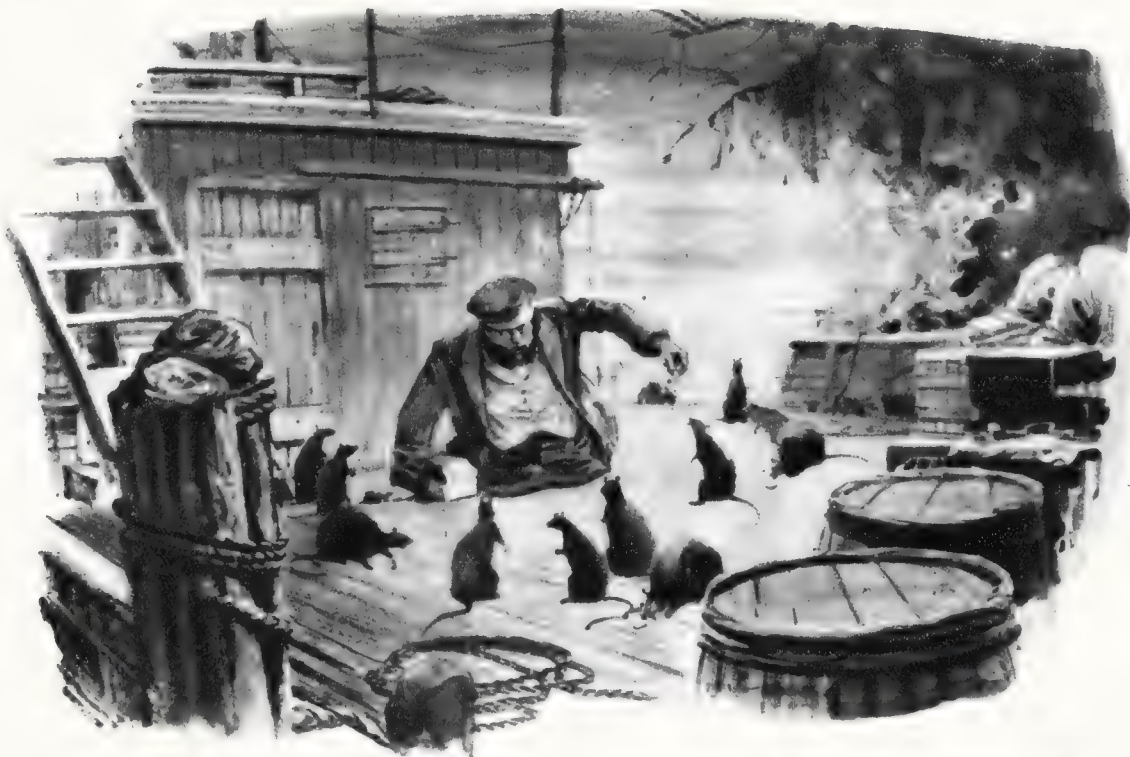
Busby was alone, as usual, on the forward deck of the wharfboat. Eliza sat by the window of the bedroom staring out at the snowy, filagreed elegance of the *Noah Cunningham* towering in the dusk down the shore. Then she heard Jonas' low whistle from the willows up on the bank. Her heart was beating so fast she almost shouted her joy.

She bent to peer up through the twilight and gave a low, answering whistle. Another whistle came back to her after a few seconds, and then she heard Jonas moving cautiously down through the tall grass. It was almost completely dark now, except for the twinkling lanterns on the *Noah Cunningham* and the soft yellow glow of the oil lamp on the kitchen table. Jonas came quickly up the little gang plank and swept Eliza into his arms.

"I couldn't tell you," she whispered, hardly able to breathe. "I couldn't tell you how much I wanted you to come back that day. He said he'd kill you if you ever come back. God in heaven! Sometimes I think I'm losing my mind, too. Take me with you, Jonas! I'll marry you or anything. Just take me—!"

He kissed her, and there was

(Continued on page 58)



There were 12 of them—huge grey creatures, sitting around Busby on their haunches, like begging pups.



Primo Carnera, still a powerhouse at 46, starts Mr. America off on an airplane spin that ended with a vicious body slam.

Carnera: The Giant Comes Back

The racketeers found him in a side show, made him champ, then junked him in a hospital—a broken-down bum. But today Primo is once again a ring star and the jackals are gone

by Allen Churchill

The ring shook as the giant jarred his smaller but brawny opponent with a body slam. Then the Madison Square Garden crowd came to its feet screaming as the big man lifted his groggy opponent from the mat and swung him over his head. For a second he held him there and smiled as the cry, "Pin 'im, Preem! Pin 'im!" swept up through the ropes. Then he slammed his man down and pounced on him, his enormous bulk forcing the other's shoulders to the mat. The referee put his nose close to the canvas, slapped his hand down . . . once . . . twice . . . three times.

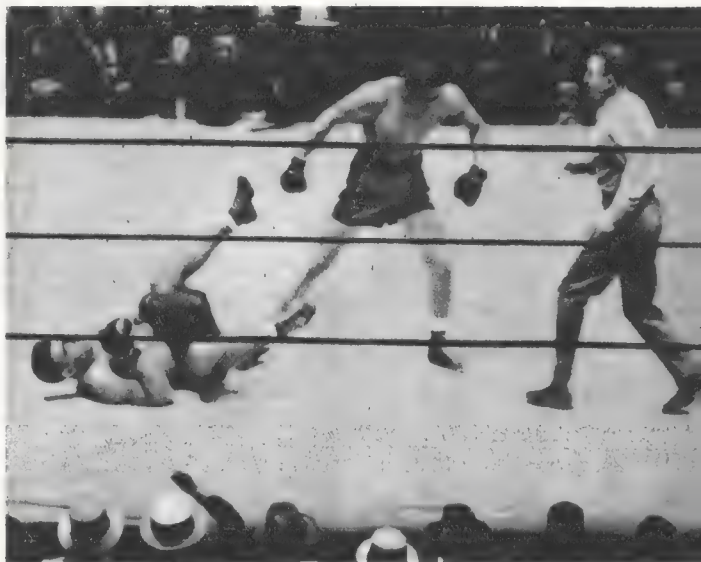
The crowd went absolutely crazy as Primo Carnera sprang to his feet with his hands clasped in the classic victory gesture. With every new roar the grin on his wide face got bigger. Looking up at him from ringside, you'd almost think that this was his first victory in Madison Square.

But, of course, it wasn't. This was 1955 and 20 years before the Italian giant had won the world's heavy-weight boxing championship in that very ring. The victory he had just scored couldn't be compared to that past honor—but you couldn't prove that by the look on Primo's beaming face. And there was a good reason for that pleased-with-the-world look. Now Primo knew what he was doing. Now Primo was getting to keep and enjoy his rightful share of the gate receipts. Now Primo was his own man. Before? Before it had been a lot different.

He'd been a bewildered kid then, handed from one hustler to the next, knowing that something was wrong, that not even his great strength could put that fear-



In 1935 Carnera surprised the world by winning the heavy-weight title from Jack Sharkey with a sixth-round knockout.



A year later Max Baer, the first big-timer Primo fought as champ, floored him 10 times. The ref stopped it in the 11th.

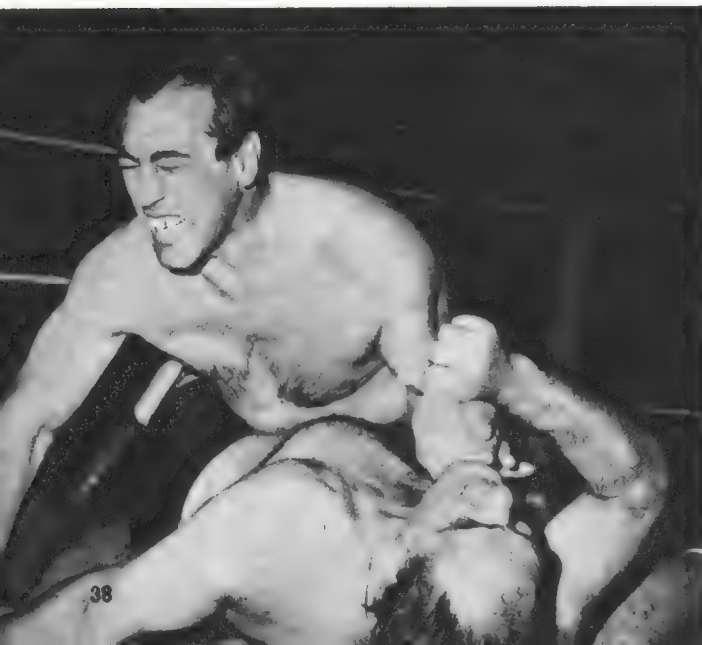
Then Joe Louis battered Carnera into a bloody hulk and The Mob and fans greased the skids for the bewildered giant.





Carnera never had much luck with his footwork as a boxer, but here he shows Mr. America that things have changed.

Primo has a moment of agony as Kurt Zehe works on his thumb, but he went on to whip the 7-foot German grappler.



crazed look into the eyes of so many of his opponents, knowing that there was something evil about the men who handled his affairs—but never sure what it was.

After the last of the wrestling crowd is out of the Garden, the huge man sits on the edge of a rubbing table and talks about it. His heavy, well-formed face has a puzzled look on it as he thinks back. But he gives out with a friendly grin. "I was just a punko kid then," he says. "Wha' the hell could I do about it? Sometimes I even felt like there was a gun pointed at my own head."

He was going back only 20 years as he talked, but that was an unusual era in the fight game. It was a time when fight managers who had attended Oxford connived with others who had been educated at Sing Sing—a time when it was possible to build a phony champ and make no less than three million bucks on him. And out of that, give the champ a little more than walking-around money. Why not? He didn't know any better.

Such a set-up required an unusual type of fall guy. From the beginning Carnera seemed made for that role.

At his birth, in Sequals, northern Italy, on October 26, 1906, he weighed 22 pounds, three times as much as the average infant. He continued to grow at that phenomenal rate, assisted by the fact that the local doctors recommended a diet of five pounds of horsemeat a day for the growing super-boy. Primo's father was a sizable fellow himself—a stonemason who stood six-two. At 14 after Primo had outgrown the old man's clothes, Pappa Carnera called him into the kitchen. "I can't feed you any more," he said. "You'll have to get a job in a circus."

Primo did. Four years later the kid, now six-six and 275 pounds, was wrestling all comers in a traveling circus. One performance was watched by Paul Journee, a French heavy-weight who had fought in the United States. The sharp-eyed Journee immediately noticed what medical men later marveled at—that Carnera, though a giant, is no freak. He's massive, but built in excellent proportion, with reflexes unusual in so big a guy.

Like all Frenchmen, Journee was interested in a franc. He sauntered over to the young wrestler and tossed a fast *parlez-vous* at him. He found a lonely, friendless youngster who was only too anxious to respond. After winning Carnera's friendship, Journee wrote to friends in the United States, offering to train the young mountain and send him over a fighter. The refusals poured back with the same common complaint—the giant would eat too much.

So Journee went to Leon See, the top man in European boxing circles. See was an Oxford-educated Frenchman who dressed like a middle-aged dandy in an Ernst Lubitsch film. He sported an authentic Legion of Honor, but his mind was stuffed with things he had never learned at Oxford. He is still remembered around New York as a rascal who never had money to pay hotel bills, but always demanded the utmost in service.

See immediately detected possibilities in Carnera. First he got the young giant's scrawl on something resembling a contract. Then, while Journee taught the massive youth boxing, See made plans to take him to London. By the time Carnera was ready, the build-up had begun. Primo spoke no English, but See taught him to answer questions by rote. On radio programs See would ask, "Primo, how old are you?" "Two hundred and seventy-five," Primo answered, grinning.

See stopped at nothing. While Carnera was clumsily mugging questions on the radio, a biography of him appeared on newsstands. As a foreword there appeared a high-flown letter from Primo to the author of the book. It read

Dear Lewis,

A friend of mine has been cursing this book of yours. Don't get alarmed—nothing detrimental to yourself. I received the copy by this afternoon's post. Then I sat down in an armchair and began to read.

Of course, I had to read it through. When I reached

the last page, I glanced at my watch. I had forgotten all about the appointment! I was half an hour late! I found my friend kicking his heels. Naturally, he wanted an explanation of my unpunctuality. I told him that I had been reading my own biography. As a matter of course, he cursed the book most forcibly. Never mind, I am sending him a copy to mollify him.

Young Carnera was also fighting—for which, according to rumor, he was paid by See in trinkets under a very blue light. But one night, one of these fights put Primo on the rocky road to the world's championship.

Matched with Young Stribling, he was watched from a ringside seat by a New York character named Good Time Charlie Friedman. If Charlie had ever gone to college, he might have been America's Leon See. As it was, he did the best he could.

In 1929, Good Time Charlie and his friends back in New York faced a problem. Prohibition was still in force, but plainly it couldn't last. Tough gangster and beer-baron Owney Madden, one of Charlie's top pals, was already worrying about Repeal. Owney was tied in with prizefighting through a henchman named Bill Duffy, who claimed to be a fight manager but was more of a fixer.

Watching the towering Carnera fight, fruitful thoughts filled Good Time Charlie's mind. With Madden's mob prestige and Duffy's fixing—why you could clean up with a giant like Carnera.

After the fight, he edged over to Leon See. "Why don't you bring the monster to the U.S.A.?" he suggested. Leon sat up. His mind had been kicking that move-around. Hearing someone else put the thought into words clinched it.

Primo and Leon arrived in America on Dec. 19, 1929 and the ballyhoo began.

At the time Carnera's only claims to fame were his size and a fistful of dubious fights, yet people swarmed to hail him as he rode triumphantly up Broadway. "Only Grover Whalen was missing," says one contemporary account. Newspapermen beat brains to coin names for him. Among them were the Ambling Alp, the Vast Venetian, the Tall Tower of Gorgonzola, the Muscle Merchant of Venice, and finally the one that stuck—Da Preem.

Where the newspapers left off, Leon See's new press agent took over. He filled store windows with size 22 shoes (Preem actually takes a 13) and size 26 collars (Preem's size is 19). He also gave out stories of the fighter's prodigious appetite—an appetite, incidentally, which does not exist. Carnera is strangely indifferent to food and believes in always leaving the table a little hungry.

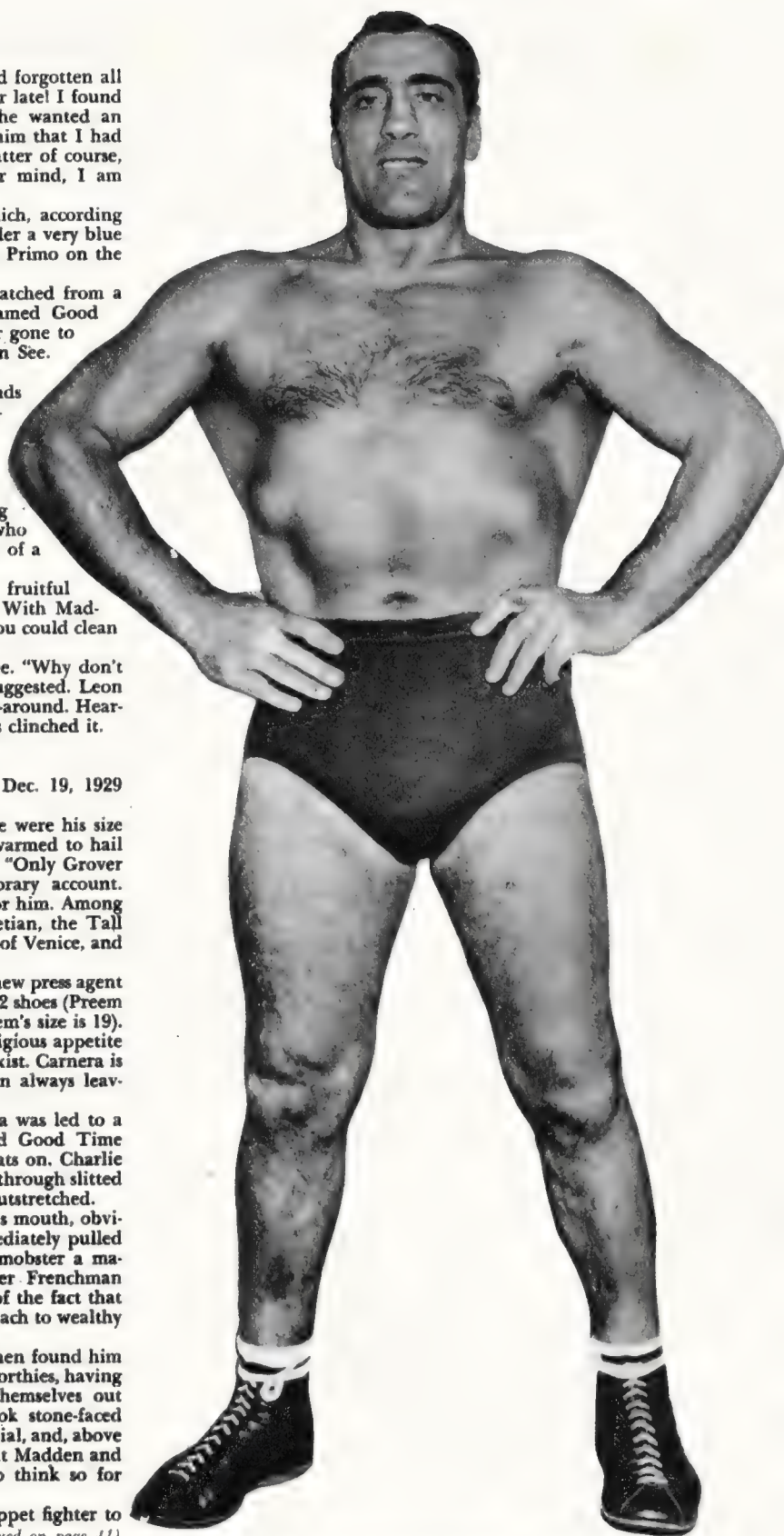
At the end of the Broadway ride, Carnera was led to a hotel suite where Madden, Bill Duffy, and Good Time Charlie were waiting, all three with their hats on. Charlie did the honors, and after scrutinizing Preem through slitted eyes, Madden stepped forward with hand outstretched.

"Hiya, punk," he said out of the side of his mouth, obviously impressed. Seeing this, Leon See immediately pulled him into another room where he sold the mobster a majority percentage of the fighter. The clever Frenchman neglected to inform the delighted Madden of the fact that he had already sold 10 shares of 10 per cent each to wealthy Frenchmen.

Back in the room with Carnera, the two men found him surrounded by Owney's bodyguards. These worthies, having noted the boss's approval, were putting themselves out to be nice. Preem's pictures make him look stone-faced and menacing, but actually he is friendly, genial, and, above all, trusting. He had no reason to believe that Madden and his hoods weren't friends. He continued to think so for seven long years.

Madden wasted no time in setting his puppet fighter to work. In a few days Preem fought

(Continued on page 41)



Rugged and fit, Primo today weighs in at 275 lbs., the same as he did when he fought for the heavyweight championship.



Bernard (holding light meter) works patiently for the right mood. Here, actress Val Njord does a film for TV.

Just a slight change of expression would be enough to destroy the mood set here by model Lorraine Crawford.

PIN-UP KING

Sex alone won't do it. You've got to use psychology and just a touch of genius to create the perfect pin-up

Bernard is Hollywood's top glamour photographer. He became "King of the Pin-ups" by creating more and better shots of this kind than his competitors.

The difference between the crude "cheesecake" shot and a good pin-up is quite obvious, according to Bernard. One is a vulgar display of flesh, the other has the charm of personality radiating from a beautiful woman. It's beauty plus.

How do you get a girl to give with the personality, instead of just posing? "Simple," answers Bernard. "Tell her you're going to prove that she's the 'fairest in the land.' There'll be an immediate glow. She'll pose with infinite patience and will do anything to help you get a good picture—from going through contortions on dangerous cliffs to reclining on burning desert sand.

"Shooting pin-ups isn't art, of course, but it is honest commercial art," says Bernard. "It requires artistic ability, sound craftsmanship, and professional integrity."



Getting away from the usual pin-up pose
Bernard picks a winner with Joanne Arnold.





Here, Bernard portrays Yvonne deCarlo as a sophisticated sweater girl. Generally, she is seen in exotic poses.

Concentrating mainly on the legs, Bernard also relies on Mara Corday's eyes and mouth to complete the mood.

Curved body lines in contrast with straight lines of pylons and horizon give Judy Landon a special vitality.





Linda Darnell and many other top-flight Hollywood stars rely on Bernard for exceptional portraits every year.

Elli Marshall and Bernard demonstrate that an impish pose can reflect charm when it's handled the right way.

Diagonal composition, soft tones and the grace of actress Jane Greer made this one of Bernard's best known pin-ups.





CARNERA: THE GIANT COMES BACK

(Continued from page 39)

Big Boy Peterson at Madison Square Garden. Fifteen thousand fans paid over \$60,000 to watch him knock out Big Boy in the first round. Feature columns rejoiced, but hardened sportswriters saw fixer Duffy's mark on the match.

"The fight was one of the worst fakes ever perpetrated here," wrote one. "Primo came out, scowled, made a few passes, and Peterson swooned."

Preem's other fights followed that pattern. Fighting in different cities he scored 16 knockouts in as many fights. What's even more remarkable is that the action in all of these bouts adds up to only 36 rounds. Most were knockouts that happened in the first or second round. One ran to six.

How was it done? Simple, when you remember these were still Prohibition days and Owney Madden represented The Mob. Opponents like Bearcat White, Roberto Roberti and Man Mountain Erickson found themselves visited before

the fight by a couple of Madden's snap-brim bodyguards. "Ya know what ya gotta do tunite, bum," they'd snarl. "So be sure ya do it."

There is no record that any of Preem's opponents were shot or taken on gangland rides. But the threat of violence was ever-present. In Philadelphia fighter Ace Clark showed signs of standing up to the Man Mountain. A mug appeared in his corner, poked the gun menacingly in his ribs and told Clark what he was going to do with it, unless. . . . Ace cooperated by tumbling in the next round.

Occasionally there was a slip-up. Also in Philadelphia, George Godfrey did his best to receive a knockout Carnera punch. He couldn't, and in desperation he finally fouled Carnera, to lose. As he crawled out of the ring, a reporter asked, "Seriously, George, can the big fellow punch?"

"Couldn't even muss a hair on my head," Godfrey answered.

Madden's bodyguards heard. They followed Godfrey to his dressing room, to which reporters were shortly summoned. In visible terror Godfrey told them, "What a murderous hitter that big white man is. I ain't never seen the like. My goodness, how he can hit. Greatest hitter I ever met in my life."

Preem's most dubious victory came in Oakland, California. There Bombo Chevalier found him an easy opponent, and decided to win. His seconds had orders. As they worked over Bombo, they warned him to tank or have his heart blown out. He kept on fighting—until his seconds rubbed oil of mustard in his eyes. When it started to burn, Bombo was easily knocked down. At the count of eight, he tried to get up. His seconds tossed in the towel.

Carnera shakes his head about it today. At best he was thoroughly bewildered, and that's exactly how experts recall him—a bewildered giant.

"Why not?" one asks. "He had the best bewildereders in the world working on him." Still, Da Preem always retained great faith in himself as a fighter. "How do you like Los Angeles?" a manicurist asked him once. "I knock him out in two rounds," Carnera answered.

No matter what took place around him, Carnera remained doggedly set on becoming champion. He kept in trim and stayed out of night spots and feminine entanglements. Though his bouts seldom lasted more than a round or two, he actually seemed to learn from each.

One sportswriter commented, "He's had more questioned fights than any man alive, but the funny part is that he has now developed into a pretty good fighter."

Preem got to be champ by another accident. In 1933 he met Ernie Schaaf in the Garden. He delivered the celebrated Carnera tap on the chin and Ernie spilled to the canvas. The crowd howled "Fake," but Schaaf stayed down. Three days later he was dead—not so much from Carnera's punch as from the delayed results of a murderous blow from hard-hitting Max Baer.

World's champ Jack Sharkey was an unloved guy and Schaaf had been one of his few friends. He decided to avenge Ernie by licking Carnera—and make a neat bundle of dough at the same time.

Like many bright ideas, this misfired. A chance at the championship seemed to galvanize Preem. "He was for once a dangerous, fierce, destructive human animal," says a 1933 account. In the fifth round Sharkey slipped and fell. It seemed to unnerve him. His timing was off, arms heavy. In the sixth, Preem landed the big one. For doing this, and winning the title, he got only \$360. The gate at the fight was \$300,000, but Madden and Duffy took Preem's share, tossing him only the few hundred.

Still, Preem was happy as champ. "Was a great feeling," he tells you with a wide grin. It lasted only a year. He successfully defended his title twice, against Paulino Uzcudun and Tommy Loughran. Showing up to collect a \$15,000 purse for the Loughran fight, he found it had been

CAVALIER, January 1954



"It's hard to tell with your clothes on. . . ."

garnished to pay Bill Duffy's nightclub debts.

Even so, Preem was not bitter. Though the money he got from The Mob was only a fraction of what he earned, it was far more than he would have made as a stonecutter, he figured. Preem may have been rooked right and left, or in his own words "taken for a long walk," but every time he journeyed back to Italy, he had money to put in the bank. "It made lotta liras, lotta liras," he tells you today.

In June 1934, Preem, as world's champion, fought Max Baer at Long Island City. The magic that had been his in the same place exactly a year before was missing now. Baer laid him low ten times before the referee stopped the slaughter. "Carnera showed enormous courage," was the only good thing the newspapers could say about the champ's poor performance.

The trip down was a lot faster than the way up had been. Next Joe Louis cut him to bits. Now fans were tired of the monster—the novelty had worn off. The Mob was sick of him too. Owney Madden was fighting to keep himself out of Sing Sing. Bill Duffy and Good Time Charlie were looking for another meal ticket. Leon Sec, whom Madden had come to dislike violently, was back in France.

At his 1935 fight with Leroy Haynes, Preem's handlers were so indifferent they sent him in the ring without a mouthpiece. Haynes' blows paralyzed the tired behemoth's side. Like Ernie Schaaf, he was carried from the Garden ring to the nearby Polyclinic Hospital.

There he lay for months. Disillusionment set in. No one came to see him. Not Madden, Duffy, Friedman, or any of the others who had bled him white. Practically the only person who did visit him was Jack Dempsey, whom Preem had never met. The Manassa Mauler's visit almost redeemed Preem's faith in human nature, and today his eyes fill as he tells of it.

But it wasn't enough. Lying alone in the hospital, Carnera bitterly decided he had been taken in by crooks and chisellers. In 1937 he went back to Italy—this time on crutches and, he thought to stay.

In 1946 he came back to America—sorry that he'd ever left. True, he was now happily married and the father of two thriving kids. But he had refused to collaborate with the Germans who controlled northern Italy, and for four years had been kept digging trenches for the conquerors.

Worse than that, Italian bankers had used the confusion of war to steal his "lotta-liras," just as Madden and Duffy had done over here.

Preem was further in favor of the United States because he was remembered here. During his ten-year absence wrestling, the world's oldest sport, had turned into a sideshow. At least ten promoters had been hit by the same idea—get Carnera. An amazed Preem got a list of offers as soon as the war ended. A superstitious fellow who believes in good luck, he spread them all on a table,

circled a frankfurter-size finger in the air and dropped it on one. That he picked.

Preem's good luck has not only helped him re-establish himself but indirectly it has done the same for wrestling. After his return to this country, he was taken on a tour of South America by an ex-wrestler named Toots Mondt, who is currently the top promoter in the business. The tour was no success, for there were few opponents large enough to grapple Carhera. "I don't understand this what you call Spanish," Mondt says, "but I got to notice that them fans was always calling out Rocca, Rocca, Rocca." He investigated these calls and found they meant Antonino Rocca, the Argentine Fireball.

On the same trip he found in Rio a handsome young man named Gene Stanlee, who had been called by Gene Tunney the finest physical specimen he had ever seen. Mondt quickly signed both Rocca and Stanlee, known as Mr. America. Together with Carnera, they became the box-office attractions that, along with television, have made wrestling what it is today.

As a wrestler, Preem has steadily improved. "Most people don't know it," a promoter tells you, "but what a wrassler really needs is endurance wind. To be good he's gotta last, and the big guy sure can last."

Announced as The One and Only Primo Carnera, the 46-year-old Preem strides to the ring attired in an expensive, gaudy robe. He weighs 275, just what he did when he fought for the heavyweight boxing championship. "Doesn't carry an extra ounce on him," boasts Hardy Kruskamp, a wrestler who doubles as Preem's business manager.

Every successful wrestler—and make no mistake, Preem is successful—needs showmanship. Preem's most successful act is threatening to use his fist. This, of course, is not officially permitted in wrestling. "But," say fans, "wrestling rules are elastic." Some grapplers do use fists, and the sight of the one-time heavyweight champion of the world with his mighty fist hauled back sends crowds into pleasant panics. Preem has yet to hit anyone, but just the thought of it is enough to keep the crowds expectantly happy.

Preem wrestles almost nightly, spending only the summer months and Christmas holidays with his wife, son, and daughter in a 17-room house in Beverly Hills. Says Hardy Kruskamp, "He knows the forty-eight states the way a kid knows his backyard." Makes money at it, too. The One and Only Preem draws gates ranging from \$10 to \$30,000, of which he gets five to 10 per cent. In his first couple of years wrestling, he averaged \$100,000 a year. Now that fans are more accustomed to him, he makes about half that.

After several years of being managed by wrestling promoters, Carnera broke loose. Now for the first time since Paul Journee spotted him, he actually owns himself. He and Kruskamp make all

deals, and the money goes straight into Preem's pocket. He will probably continue this way, for old wrestlers never die, nor do they fade away. Jim Londos and other perennials are still at it today. So Preem faces the future. To some men a job that leaves so little time with wife and family might not be worth the money. But to a fellow who has been on the go since he was 14 years old, staying at home doesn't seem to be a normal way of life.

Carnera and Kruskamp travel by car. They start for the next town as soon as one bout is finished. This usually requires a long drive under star-studded skies. It's a time when a man opens up and spills his inner thoughts, and you might expect that one night Carnera would say, "Y'know, I got a bad break, being a big guy like this."

He never has. "Sometimes it's lousy, but usually okay," is the closest he comes. Kruskamp says, "He's got an adjusted attitude toward his size. He doesn't like people staring at him the way they do. But he knows if he wasn't so big, he wouldn't be where he is."

Sometimes as Preem drives through the starry nights his thoughts turn backward to his heavyweight boxing championship and the leeches who bled him while he held it. Whether he realizes it or not, his life since then has been a case of poetic justice.

For Owney Madden is an exile from New York City, reputedly tubercular. Leon Sec is a bitter old man, living out his last years in France. Good Time Charlie is still around, a small-time promoter whose only claim to fame is his early connection with Carnera. Duffy is planted, dead.

Da Preem ticks them off on massive fingers, then leans back comfortably in the seat.

"I'm better off than all a them guys," he says after awhile. As he says it, a look of contentment settles on his massive face and his thoughts leave the almost-forgotten past and return to the happy present. •

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SPORTS CARS GO

There's a sports car revolution going on in Europe. Speed isn't enough anymore. Now they're designing plush jobs that make the Caddy seem drab

There was a day when anyone could tell you what a sports car was, at least designwise. If it was square in the gears, in the engine, and in the body—it was a sports car. If the wheels were high and spoked, with knockoff caps and bicycle tires, you had yourself the true article. Cycle fenders were a must—and so were outside headers, a saddle-bag tank, and a ride like a square-wheeled cart.

This school of design produced a great many remarkable cars: the MG, the Bugatti, and the Le Mans Aston-Martin, to name only three. But there's weeping in the wind now, because the last cycle fender and the last saddle-bag gas tank have, finally, clattered into the scrap heap. Modern sports cars have gone slick.

And let's face it: the Italians are to blame. The Italians and—shhh—Detroit. Yes, the tubby monsters we build here have actually influenced sports car design.

Evidence of this is apparent in the work of Ghia, one of Europe's greatest designers and one of the best body builders in the world. His work on the 1400 Fiat is strictly from Detroit, dollar grin and all. Business is booming for Ghia, what with special orders from Chrysler (for whom he executed the K-310) and continental manufacturers.

In the past, European car owners desired extreme road-

ability above comfort and mere transportation. One reason for this was the nature of European roads, especially around the cities: winding, hilly, narrow. No wonder designers concentrated on cars whose cornering characteristics made driving a safe bet—rather than a soft bed. Today, however, aerodynamic coupes and convertibles (incorporating style, speed, safety *plus* comfort) have a plushness that designers of sports cars in the 20's and 30's would have said was impossible.

In France, Facel-Metallon is actually "mass" producing special coachwork for Simca and Ford Comete. Twelve cars a day are coming from two of the three Facel plants, and handsome cars they are—particularly at the price: \$3,600 for the Simca; \$3,850 for the Comete.

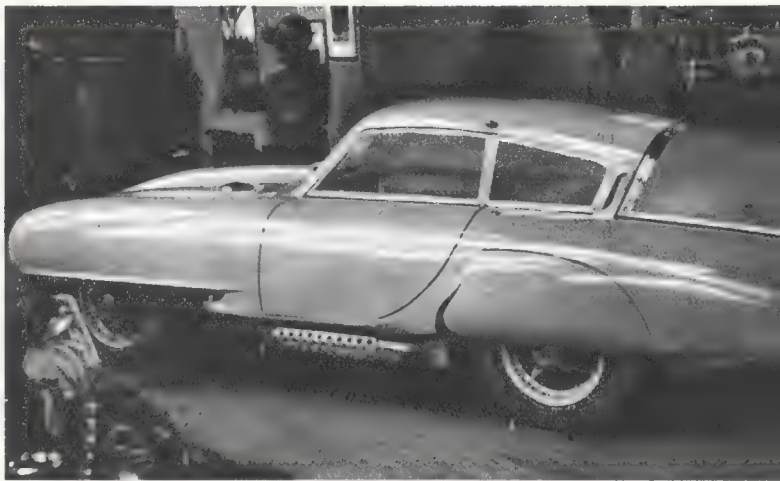
Of course, not all the new sports cars are built for the luxury-minded. Many are still lean and sparse, stripped for competition. The Gordini is one of these. Simplicity keynotes its design, though the car is still opulent by the supercharged-hayrick school standards. It ran away from all the big-engined monsters at Le Mans, only to be eliminated by brake troubles.

Germany is building sports jobs, too. Good ones. For fast touring, Daimler Benz offers the Mercedes 300S series—



Detroit influence, the wheels retain Latin styling.

ONE CAR—THREE BODIES



▲ PEGASO BERLINE

By Touring of Milan, this job sports outside mufflers, removable rear window. Doors house racing spares; front fenders hide tanks.

SLICK

By Alfred Coppel

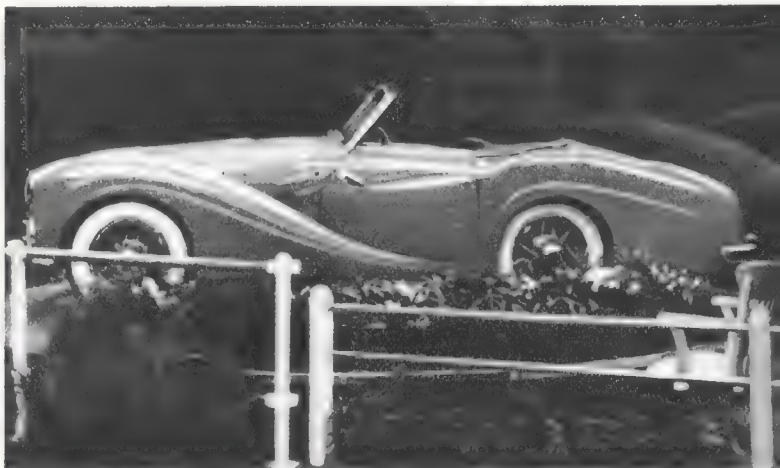
conservative by French or Italian standards, but modern and elegant to a degree undreamed of a decade ago.

And, of course, there is the Mercedes 300SL, the champion. Fastest and best sports car in the world.

Cycle-fender addicts really suffer when they see this thoroughbred. A wide and streamlined closed coupe with a whispering exhaust, it made the other cars at Le Mans sound loud and vulgar.

Vanity and esthetics are not the only reasons modern coachwork has gone slick. Today, sports cars are hitting speeds that need aerodynamic design. The old idea of the sparse and angular sports car is, to put it bluntly, no longer functional.

It won't be too long now before Sonny spots an MG-TC dancing along the road and asks you what it is. When you answer him, speak softly and with reverence. Take off your hat, slow your Mercedes to 90, and say with a tear in your voice. "That, son, was a classic car."

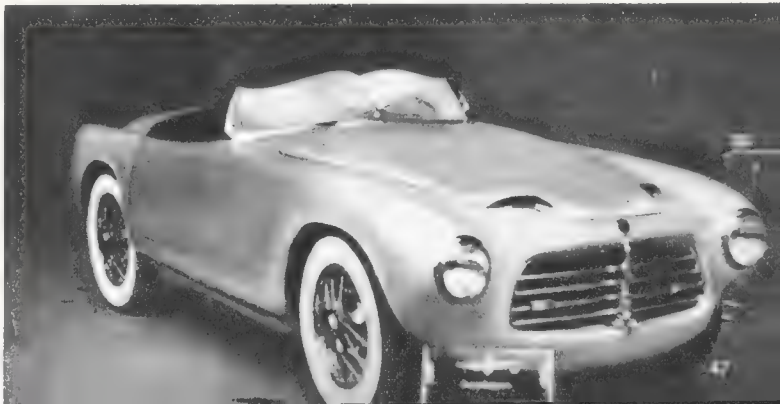


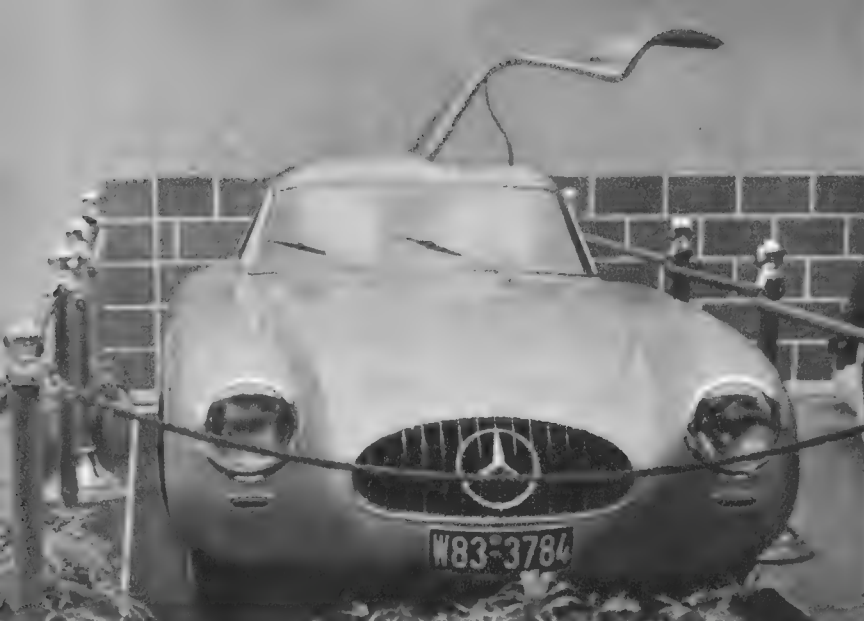
▲ PEGASO BY SAOUTCHIK

Typically French, convertible features opulent curves, small doors, wheel arches that curve with tire rim, plus walnut interior.

▼ PEGASO SUPERLEGGERA

No chrome is used on this clean-cut Italian two-seater, no door handles to mar sides. The windscreen is radical "cupid's bow" design.





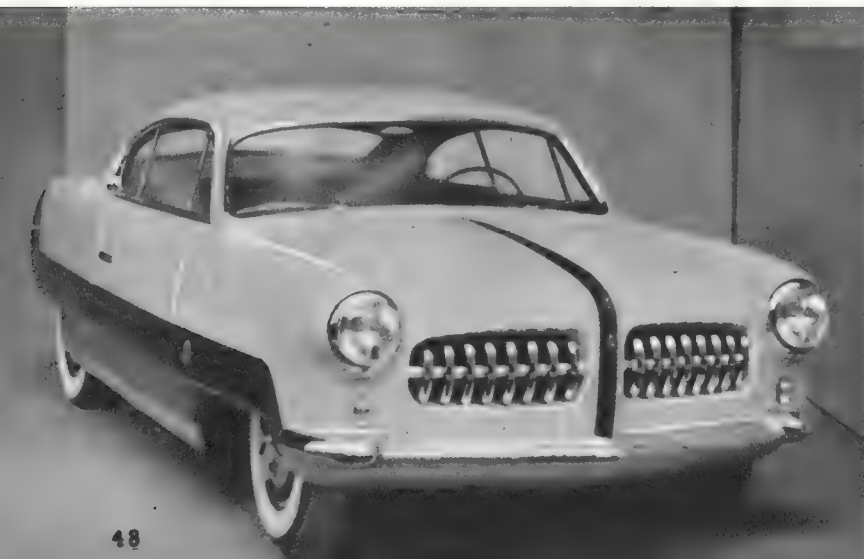
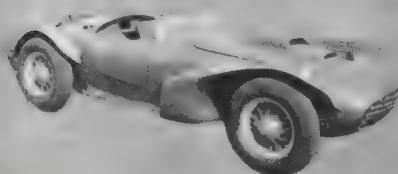
MERCEDES 300SL

Fastest racing job in the world, the 300SL utilizes aerodynamic design to hit top speeds in excess of 150 m.p.h. Made entirely of aluminium, car's upward opening doors caused much controversy at first. In the interest of safety, plastic is used instead of glass. Though entry is awkward, the Mercedes is comfortable, with ample head and leg room. Below: the 300B, 3-passenger sedan.



SIATA BY BERTONI

Characteristic of Bertoni's coachwork is the straight-lined flush side treatment. Detroit influence is seen in (1) the trunk slope (2) the position of the rear light housings (3) the wrap-around bumpers. Racing wire wheels are standard. Four wheel independent suspension makes for superb road-holding. Below: Bertoni's conception of the same car utilizing an orthodox racing body.



GHIA-FIAT 1400

Full width bodywork and seating capacity for six makes this Italian sedan the counterpart of the American Buick, Olds, or Hudson. Of interest is the substitution of a two-tone paint job for the usual chrome trim. Much of car's size is disguised by the judicious use of contrasting colors. Grille is pure Detroit. Interior is simple, with upholstery to match exterior. Wheels are partly shrouded, as in the American Nash. While not a sports car the Fiat has been driven extensively in competition.



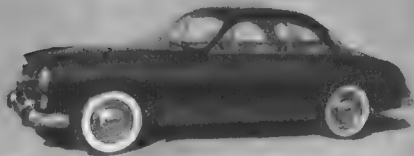
FACEL-BENTLEY

Dramatic contrast between straight lines and wheel arches emphasize Bentley's long, low look. The break in the fenderline at the waist is similar to the Cadillac and Kaiser, as are the head and fog lamps. Interior: in full leather. Panels: polished walnut. All interior hardware is matte-finished silver. The car seats three comfortably. Below: a side view emphasizing sleek coachwork.



FACEL-COMETE

This five-seater shows American influence in side disc wheels with large plain hubcaps. From the Italians: the use of the wheel arch to conform to the wheel itself. From the French: sparing use of chrome. Strictly speaking, the Comete is more a fast touring car than a competition job, though it has borrowed a good deal from road-racing machines. Below: the smart sedan version.



GORDINI

Spartan in its simplicity, the body of the Gordini is a flattened tube sloping evenly to front and rear. No grille is used and lights are housed in the scoop. A racer only, interior is deliberately kept sparse. The upholstery is leather over foam rubber, with both the steering wheel and instrument panel in leather covering. Interior width is 45 inches, and the car is just 36 inches high at the windscreen. Air is ducted from the front scoop to both front and rear brakes to make for better cooling.

This Is What Dope Has Done to Me

(Continued from page 15)

always pleasant. It soon became hard work.

I took to drinking pretty heavily to relieve my nerves, but I always had a terrible hangover, and sometimes I couldn't work for a couple of days. Betty's house was where I was first introduced to dope. While Betty warned the girls not to use dope, many of them smoked marijuana to give them relief. I, too, started smoking the weed. It worked—I never got sick and I was always high. The work once again became bearable and I stayed on marijuana for the next couple of years. I always took just enough to keep me high—which meant from one to three sticks a day.

While I was at Betty's, I fell in the bathtub and injured myself internally. I required an operation and was out of business for more than six months. After leaving the hospital, I went to Lafayette for nearly two years, working in a number of places—all of them patterned after Betty's place, and in 1946, I came back to New Orleans—I was homesick for the old town. I started working the streets.

Then I met Donald. I don't know what made me fall in love with him. He was just different, I guess. Donald was a date I had picked up in a barroom. He was just out of the Navy and was in trouble with the federal government. He had taken a girl across the state line for immoral purposes and was charged with violation of the Mann Act.

Donald was out on bond when I met him. He is tall and blond, with blue eyes. It seemed to me that everything about him was different from the usual run of men. He treated me as I've never been treated before. Even on that first date, when he and I were alone, Donald told me that he knew I worked hard and that he wanted me to have the money I had asked for, even if we didn't go through with the "date", that I could just take a nap if I wanted to. I think I fell for him at that moment.

I told Donald then and there that I thought I was in love with him and that I wanted him to make love to me. That hour I spent with him was heaven—like nothing I had experienced before. After that, he asked me to go out to dinner with him, and to a show. I agreed, and when he returned, he brought a bouquet and a box of candy. He continued to bring me gifts and to shower me with attention all during our life together. When I realized that I would always love Donald, I was afraid that I would lose him, so I brazenly asked him to move in with me. He accepted, and I was so happy I cried.

We had only been living together a short while when Donald was sentenced to serve 20 months in a federal penitentiary on the morals charge. I waited for him. And when he got out, Donald and I took up where we had left off.

Donald detested dope. He knew when

I first met him that I used marijuana, and he made me promise to quit. But I kept on smoking it regularly, on the sly. It wasn't long before marijuana wasn't giving me the kick I had been getting, so I began taking "bennies"—benzedrine—with it. Later, I took other "goof-balls"—barbiturates.

It is ironic that Donald, who dislikes narcotics so much, should draw a conviction for possession. It is equally ironic that I, a narcotics addict, should be convicted on a bum rap. But that was the way it worked out.

One day, Donald was driving in town and saw a girl with whom I worked. He liked the girl, so he stopped and offered her a lift. On their way to her place, a squad car pulled up alongside them and forced them to the curb. The girl, who was also on dope, had a package of marijuana and a bottle of goof-balls in her purse. She quickly threw them to the floor, an act which resulted in Donald's implication.

Of course, the police found the narcotics. They arrested both the girl and Donald and booked them for possession. I was frantic when I learned of Donald's arrest.

I went down to the precinct station where he was being held, to try to obtain his release on bond. There I was met by state, city and federal narcotics agents. One of the New Orleans squadmen told me that two capsules of heroin had been found under my house, and that I was wanted for possession also. I had never even held a capsule of heroin in my hand; certainly, those that had been found didn't belong to me.

But I accepted the charge with resignation. After all, I had been breaking the law for years and I told myself that I was paying off for the many times I had avoided arrest. Donald was sentenced to serve 20 months in the state penitentiary; I was sentenced to serve 10 as a first offender. I stayed out of trouble at Angola and was paroled in six months. I went back to work to await Donald's parole.

The next year was a bore. The combination of bennies and goof-balls I was taking daily soon ceased to satisfy me, so I began sniffing heroin. After a period, I found that I got a quicker and bigger kick out of "mainlining" heroin—shooting it into my arm arteries with a hypodermic needle.

From then on, I was on heroin, or anything equally powerful or more powerful. I had to work hard to pay for my dope supply. Heroin was \$5 for each capsule, and I sometimes took as many as five "caps" a day. Opium and codeine cost just as much, sometimes more. I stayed high all the time I was waiting for Donald.

Donald got out of the penitentiary early in 1951 and got a job as a steelworker at a good salary. We moved into a nice apartment and set up housekeeping. It was lucky for us that Donald was getting good pay, for it wasn't long before I became ill. I had another operation and was in bed six months. Donald took as good care of me as anyone ever has. I repaid him by continuing to use dope while he was away at work, taking the

money for it from the bank with the help of my girl friends, and having them buy it for me.

When I got well again, Donald and I lived happily. If you subtract the facts that I was a narcotics addict and a prostitute, you can say that we were as happy as any normal married couple. But I'll admit that those are big subtractions.

About a month before I was arrested for the last time, Donald caught me mainlining a shot of opium. He didn't even stop to pack his bags or say good-by. He just walked out.

A few days later, one of my girl friends moved in with me. She brought along her sweetheart, a 20-year-old boy who was pimping for her. She was almost 30, and I was appalled because she was living with such a young kid. I told her once that I thought she was robbing the cradle, but she got sore and I never mentioned it again. After all, it was her business.

While Donald was gone, I was unhappy. But it did give me a chance to use dope openly again, and I began taking an increasing number of shots. My girl friend and her kid didn't seem to mind—they didn't use narcotics. I guess they thought that it was my business, and that they weren't being hurt. I set up a regular little drug store in the apartment. I had a narcotics weighing scale, equipment to cook my shots, measuring devices—practically everything I needed to get a shot up right. I was taking a lot of heroin, opium and codeine, in addition to other narcotics. And with my record of having served a dope sentence at Angola, I was a prime target for a raid at any time.

But when the time came, I was hardly prepared for it. It was about noon on a day in February. I was in the bathroom fixing up a shot of opium when the door crashed open. I glanced out and saw the agents come bursting into the apartment. I had the bottle of opium in my hand and I grabbed for the seat of the toilet, meaning to pour the stuff in and flush it away. I missed the seat, and that was it! One of the agents was on me in a flash. He grabbed the bottle—it was evidence—and shoved me violently away. I fell to the floor, stunned.

The agents arrested me, my girl friend and the kid. I was booked with possession, and they for investigation of narcotics activities. The agents confiscated all of the dope, which was worth several hundred dollars, and my paraphernalia, in addition to the stolen property I had bought. The narcotics investigation against my girl friend and the kid was dropped, but they were charged with possessing stolen property. I tried to take the rap alone, but the law wouldn't listen—the police believed that I was trying to protect my friends.

Because Donald's clothing was still in the apartment, the agents arrested him a couple of days later and charged him with possession of stolen property. Nor did my explanation do any good for Donald.

The officers questioned me at length at police headquarters. I admitted everything.

I was charged and placed in the parish prison. I couldn't make bond—it was too

high. So I stayed in jail. It took me a while to lick the dope habit—I stayed in a constant cold sweat. My nerves were so ragged that I screamed and cried at the slightest sound. I had to be separated from the other inmates. My stomach cramped me and I couldn't eat a thing. The prison officials had doctors at my bedside at all hours, but all they could do was give me aspirin. Aspirin, after the powerful dope I had been using, did me little good.

I dreamed all night—when I did sleep—of taking a shot. Then I would wake up crying and screaming. I thought I was dying. I don't know how I ever came through it. I had licked the marijuana habit before when I went to Angola, but it had never been this bad.

As I tell this story, Donald is awaiting

trial on the possession charge in the men's tier only a few hundred feet away from me. But, of course, I never see him, although I have received letters from him since we've been here. He wants to get married as much as I do. I hope that I can convince the judge that Donald had nothing to do with receiving the stolen property. If I cannot, it will be the second bum rap that Donald has caught because of me. I guess its true that you always hurt the one you love.

The doctors tell me that if my baby is born, it will very likely be addicted to drugs. I think they are wrong. If I had been using dope through my whole time, it probably would be addicted. I'm glad I was arrested. Maybe I couldn't have stopped using it in time. This way, though, the baby has a chance at life. I

hope it's a good, healthy, beautiful baby. I hope that Someone sees His way clear to free the baby from the stigma of its mother. I hope I can come back to the baby and Donald a changed woman, before the baby is old enough to realize the truth about its mother.

I'll try, but I don't know how it'll end. At the moment, I'm in solitary confinement for fighting and breaking the rules of the prison.

I guess I just have a mean and indecent streak in me. God help me to help myself and tear it out! I'll cut it out with a knife if I can. Help me to help myself, for the baby's sake—and for Donald—Donald, whose life has been almost ruined, like mine, because of the circumstances I have built around him.

—Jacqueline Krohn

THE INCREDIBLE VOYAGE OF SOLOMON SWEATLAND

Solomon Sweatland—woodsman, farmer, canoeist and hunter—lived near Conneaut, Ohio, a little town on Lake Erie near the Pennsylvania line, in the early part of the last century. From this point in time, it appears that he was a most incautious man. His trait of not watching where he was going until he got there ran him into a fantastic adventure which called for all his skills and about as much luck as God ever gave a man.

With a neighbor named Cousins, he used to run deer with hounds. The dogs would force the game into the lake; the hunters then would go out in canoes, drive the half-exhausted deer to shore and shoot it. Not the sort of thing one does nowadays, but these lads believed in having venison on the table.

On a blustery September morning in 1817, Sweatland was down by the shore, wearing only a shirt, trousers and heavy shoes. He heard the hounds and a crashing in the woods, which meant the dogs were driving a big one. His rifle was in his canoe, and he rushed for the craft and pushed off just as the frantic deer plunged into the water.

Sweatland's boat had been made by Major James Brookes for fishing and was a white, wooden dugout, about 14 feet long, relatively wide and quite light. Sweatland pushed out after the deer. That's where he made his mistake.

Salt-water sailors are sometimes appalled at the violence of Great Lakes storms, which come up suddenly and churn the water into lashing waves that can wreck vessels of any size.

Sweatland, after game, hadn't noticed that a gale was blowing up. He went after the deer and finally headed off the tired brute and turned it toward shore. Then he found he couldn't make his own turn. The off-shore wind was so strong he couldn't paddle against it.

Cousins, from the beach, saw his friend working desperately but being blown farther out every second. He ran for two neighbors, named Belden and Gilbert, and by the time they had hauled out a light rowboat, they could only guess where he was.

The three men shoved off after their friend in a fine display of courage. Although they went out nearly six miles, they found no Solomon. In the high, short-coupled waves that distinguish the Lakes, they finally put back and had a tough time making it. They figured no canoe could last in that water.

By this time, Sweatland was thinking the same thing. He knew his boat, however, and determined to live as long as he could. He kicked off his shoes, and all that day and all that howling night he stood up and rode the dugout. He stood to make it pitch properly and used the paddle for balance.

Now and then he would stoop down and bail with one of his boots. His rifle went the way of the storm.

When the next day cleared, he saw the Ontario shore, somewhere near Long Point. By this time the wind had veered, and for hours he fought to make land. He hit shore

late in the day, some 60 miles across Lake Erie from home.

He was some 40 miles, either way along the lakeshore, from the nearest settlement. After an exhausted sleep, he picked out a direction and stumbled through sand, marshland and scrub growth. On the third day, he stumbled across some goods which had been washed up from a wrecked trading vessel.

By this time, Solomon felt he had traveled far enough. He erected a rude lean-to, bathed and rested. Then he explored the wreckage, opening boxes and retrieving the cloth and goods that had been least damaged by the elements. These he stored in the lean-to, protected from the weather. Then he walked on again. Eventually, he reached the settlement.

Pioneer people never questioned any man needing help, and he was clothed, fed and given a bed. A few days later, he and several of his new friends took a boat and salvaged the wreckage he had found. They divvied up the find.

Sweatland then made his way overland to Buffalo. There he quickly peddled the cloth and goods he had salvaged, purchased the "garb of a gentleman" and, still with silver in his pockets, made the most of his opportunity and went out on the town.

From Buffalo, he took the packet Traveller, out of Conneaut. When the boat put into its home port, there was quite a celebration. Sweatland found his wife wearing the mourning of a widow. His "funeral" had been held many weeks before.

It's worth speculating, though, on what kind of tongue-lashing he got from her later about his fancy clothes and having had a fine old time in Buffalo while there she was at home weeping her eyes out. As near as anyone knows, he hadn't bought her a single thing: —Mark Murphy



After Dark

(Continued from page 7)

from the boys. A few of them can sing, and they specialize in current American hits. They sing in English, but their pronunciation is so bad that most of the time the words have to be deciphered.

These hostesses are a far cry from the Geisha who spend years as apprentices and are eventually classed as artists. That, perhaps, may explain why the Geisha look with disfavor on cabaret entertainers.

Later, when we left the cabaret, the boys asked whether there weren't any strip-tease shows.

"The town's full of them," I said, and immediately regretted the remark, for the boys insisted that we head straight for one.

Soon after 1949, when the first strip show opened in Tokyo, there was a terrific boom as tiny theaters specializing in nudity mushroomed. Today, there are 22 burlesque houses in Tokyo, and the supply seems finally to have met the demand.

Two of the most famous houses are a block from the center of the city's shopping district. They are the Nichigeki Music Hall, on the top floor of Japan's counterpart of New York's Music Hall—in name only, of course—and the Ginza Cony Palace, the newest and gaudiest house in town.

Yasuji Shimizu is production chief at the Palace. He took me behind stage one day to see his star, Akemi Fujikawa. She shared a tiny dressing room with half a dozen of the girls in the show.

I edged my way into the dressing room. There were girls in various stages of undress, but they didn't seem to notice me until I started staring. Then they became self-conscious. On learning that I was a bona-fide newspaperman, out not for fun but for business, they became friendly.

Akemi is easy to look at, and there was a lot of her to see. I have interviewed thousands of people, but it was the first time I got a story from a woman who had nothing on but a G-string.

"What is your reaction to GIs in the audience?" I asked.

"They have a much finer sense of appreciation than Japanese men," she answered. "That's because they possess a better grasp of the artistic. They don't consider the strip tease obscene and they understand and applaud when we try hard to entertain them."

Akemi had been a strip teaser for little more than a year, but she was already tops in her class. She started out as a chorus girl in the Shochiku revue. This theatrical outfit, the largest in the Far East, supplies girls for floor shows to U.S. servicemen's clubs and to other U.S. Army units.

Akemi, who has a good figure and isn't afraid to show it, won instant popularity among the GIs, who used to whistle whenever she appeared. The less she wore, the more intense became the whistling, until there was only the G-string left—and that might have gone, too, had it not been for police regulations.

Akemi said a lot of GIs come backstage after the show to ask for dates. "But I can't accept them," she bewailed, "because I already have a regular boy friend, and he would not like it."

She explained that he is a GI and works at the Yusen Building. That's General Clark's G-2 headquarters.

"How many of the other girls have GI boy friends?" I asked her.

"Not too many. Most of the girls are new, and we are so well paid these days that we can be choosy," she said. "Moreover, we are extremely busy now. After the show we go to two or three cabarets, and after that we have to fill engagements at U.S. Army clubs."

The girls make around \$800 a month, according to production manager Shimizu. The Cony Palace pays them only \$5 a performance, but it is because of the popularity they win at the Cony that they come into big demand and big pay at the night clubs.

In the pre-peace treaty days, before April 28, 1952, a GI could easily support one of these girls on his pay, because he could turn over to her his PX supplies, which she could sell on the black market for three times what they cost. Those days are gone, so girls like Akemi, who want to live in the sort of luxury to which they had become accustomed, have to keep on working.

Production manager Shimizu invited me to look at the show. In Japanese burlesque there is no master of ceremonies—the acts alternate between skits and leg shows, or dance numbers.

The first piece was called, "The Last Laugh." The curtain rises on a boudoir. Milady is shown in a dressing gown, brushing her hair just before retiring. Through a French window behind her a man enters. He has a gun, and as the girl sees him, he cautions her to remain silent or he will shoot.

"Give me your jewels," he commands. After she obeys, he rips her dress open so that her breasts are bare. He orders her onto the bed and she tremblingly obeys. He puts his gun on the bureau and laughs.

The man moves toward the bed and crouches over the prostrate figure. Suddenly he reels back and doubles up, as though in great pain. The girl has kicked him. She dashes to the bureau, grabs the gun, points it at the man—and laughs. The curtain drops.

The next number is a leg show. Then comes "Tableau." About a dozen girls wearing nothing but G-strings go through the motions of what looks like a ballet. They then file down and recline on an elevated middle aisle, one half of the chorus facing the audience on the right, and the other half, those on the left. The girls then freeze for about ten seconds in a tableaulike scene. Men nearest the aisle are practically breathing on the bodies of the girls.

This number is followed by "The Ventriloquist." A girl is seated on a bench with a dummy on her lap. It is a representation of a sprightly, elderly man. The girl has one arm inside the dummy's sleeve and manipulates her hand so that it appears as though the dummy had a "live" arm and hand.

As the girl and the dummy carry on a conversation, the dummy's hand caresses the girl. Suddenly the old gentleman loses control of himself, rips open the top of the girl's dress. "No! no! no!" she cries, but the hand sinks lower and lower as the curtain drops.

Of all the feminine entertainers in Nippon, the most famous, privileged and powerful are the Geisha. They are, however, as I have described, the least popular with the GIs. An under-the-surface battle is now being waged between the Geisha, on the one hand, and the cabaret and night clubs, on the other.

Geisha houses have been permitted from time immemorial to stay open all night. The curfew on night clubs is 11 p.m.

Although few GIs patronize Geisha houses, an increasing number of Geisha-house regulars are going to the night clubs. This has resulted in a large number of complaints being lodged with the police concerning the violation of the curfew by the night clubs. The cabarets are fighting back. They contend they are being discriminated against; but thus far they have not been able to convince the authorities that they are entitled to the same privileges as the long-established Geisha houses.

A strong point in favor of the Geisha is that they actually are an important cog in the wheel of Japanese business and politics. Japan is, in fact, the one country in the world where the old tenet that you can't mix business with pleasure doesn't hold true. If you don't mix business with pleasure in the Land of Cherry Blossoms, you are not likely to get very far, and all successful Japanese businessmen, politicians and government officials realize this.

The expenses for 90 per cent or more of the Geisha parties come out of the coffers of business concerns and government offices, which consider such charges legitimate.

Certainly Geisha are not the Japanese counterparts of prostitutes. Nor are they chorus girls or strip teasers. A Geisha is respectable enough to be seen at a garden party given by the prime minister, yet she is sufficiently of the world to permit a man to feel perfectly at ease should he attempt to date her.

A Geisha with brains and a "gift of gab," but not possessing facial beauty, has more chance of reaching the top than a Geisha with beauty but no brains. The opposite applies to chorus girls and strip teasers.

I doubt whether there is any counterpart of the Geisha anywhere. She is the Japanese businessman's social secretary, the member of the feminine sex in whose company you will see him at such formal dinners as those to which an American businessman would take his wife or daughter.

She is a table companion with whom one can carry on a delightful conversation. She is reputed to be the ideal concubine—but I have not pursued my studies to the extent that I can confirm this from actual experience.

I do know that many Geisha are the mistresses of well-known figures in business and political fields. It may even be

CAVALIER, January 1954

said that a man of substance might be at a handicap if he did not have a Geisha, whether mistress or otherwise, upon whom he could depend to help put those he wants to do business with in a receptive mood.

Ordinarily, the atmosphere not only between strangers but between people one knows is so icy in Japan that one can't possibly talk things over frankly or even on a friendly basis. The quickest way to melt this frigid atmosphere, if the necessity arises, is to hold a Geisha party.

The warmth which the Geisha generates is guaranteed to make any party gay. To a Japanese, a Geisha is a most respectable person. Between these vivacious entertainers and the enslaved inmates of the Yoshiwara, "the Nightless City," there is a world of difference. While I have never heard of a full-fledged Geisha who remained a virgin, it would be a gross mistake to consider Geisha prostitutes.

To a Japanese, the most convenient thing about a Geisha party is this: Let us say that you have a proposition which calls for the offering of what might be interpreted as a bribe. If the deal doesn't go through, it is always possible to say that the offer was made when you were so drunk you didn't know what you were doing—so sorry, and no offense. In that way, nobody loses face—and all over the Orient there's nothing so important as face.

Another peculiar circumstance which helped to make the Geisha institution unique is the severity of the restrictions placed on the social activities of girls and women of proper upbringing. A majority of Japanese still adhere to the rule that a woman's place is in the home.

So, to any and all kinds of gatherings where the presence of members of the fair sex is desirable, you will find the Geisha playing an active part.

I have said that there are no virgins among Geisha. When the time comes for a Geisha girl's "coming out" party, she must decide who is to be her first bed companion. Often she is helped in making the choice by the owner of the house where she has been apprenticed. As often as not, the first male companion of a Geisha becomes the Japanese counterpart of the GI who henceforth rules the maiden's heart as she becomes his "only."

It should be understood in this connection that a Geisha who becomes an "only" usually continues to appear before guests. It is only that she will have no other sleeping companion than the man of her choice.

I have been asked often whether every Geisha has her price. I will say that Geisha who already are mistresses won't even listen to outside propositions. But for unattached girls, the answer is yes, provided one is willing to enter an agreement which calls for the payment of living expenses—about \$200 a month—over a period of two or three years. If the girl is beautiful and is in demand, the price may be double. There is also a payment, which may range from \$1,000 up, to be paid as compensation for losses to the owner of the house, should a patron want to take the Geisha completely out of

the profession to make her his No. 1 concubine.

It takes almost as much time, patience and study to become a full-fledged Geisha as it does to become a concert pianist. In former times girls were trained from the age of 6 or 7, and did not become an "ippon" until they were over 18.

Few GIs ever get to see one of the bona-fide ladies. What is passed off to them as Geisha are mostly semi-prostitutes.

These girls work mostly in the Mukojima district, which is on the wrong side of the tracks, so to speak. They go in for such performances as "dancing in the stream," in which they make believe they are wading first in a shallow stream, then in deeper and deeper water, all the while rolling up the skirts of their kimono. The girls wear no undergarments—not even the minuscule minimum of the striptease dancers.

Another favorite is the Chonkina. The girls sing an old song, the refrain of which goes, *Chonkina, Chonkina, Chon, Chon, Kina, Kina, Yokohama, Nagasaki, Hakodate—Hoi!* An old Geisha strums the *samisen* while the *Oshaku* sway to and fro. With a sharp cry the song and dance stop abruptly. The dancers stand rigid with hands held out in different attitudes. One of them loses the first round and must pay a forfeit. Off comes the broad embroidered sash. It is thrown aside, and the raucous singing begins afresh.

The same girl loses again and again, and amid shrill titterings, the gorgeous scarlet kimono falls to the ground, then the under-kimono and finally the scanty sarong.

The girls dance directly in front of their patrons, who can reach out and touch them. As soon as a girl loses everything, someone hauls her in, and the two soon disappear.

There is no art at all in Chonkina. It is mere animalism. The bodies shake and squirm. The faces are screwed up to express an ecstasy of sensual delight. The little fingers twitch repeatedly in immodest gestures.

To the average GI this is not the sort of entertainment he bargained for, and he flees, shaken if not disgusted.

The Yoshiwara, Tokyo's "Nightless City," is no more. It used to be a city inside a city. It was completely destroyed by fire some years ago, and after General MacArthur abolished licensed prostitution, efforts to rebuild the city were abandoned. Today there are some shacks which house unlicensed prostitutes, but Yoshiwara no longer boasts the charm and exoticism of a past age.

By far the largest number of GIs who are out for a good time go to the Shinjuku district in the western part of Tokyo. There, an area about the size of two city blocks is jam-packed with tiny brothels and cabarets.

There is a distinct line of demarcation between the brothels and the cabarets though. The two are divided by a wide street. GIs who want only to drink and dance and sit in the dark with the hostesses, who wear not kimonos but Western-style evening gowns, patronize the cabarets.

Those who are interested in more direct physical pleasures patronize the brothels.

In olden times the courtesans at Yoshiwara and Shinjuku used to be displayed like merchandise, and the customers selected them as they would a piece of fruit. Criticism that this was too inhuman resulted in regulations which made it illegal to show the girls in the flesh. Their photographs were hung outside, and the visitor made his selection from these.

With the prohibition of licensed prostitution, even these pictures had to come down.

But even that has changed and the cycle is now nearly complete. Today the girls come out into the street and are picked or, as more frequently happens, pick their own GI customers.

In the tiny rooms of the brothels, one immediately notes the direct contact with the Western world. Imported perfumes, the gift of generous GIs, post cards written in English, packages of American biscuits and other food, and baubles from the U.S. are in abundance.

One of the biggest of all headaches, both to U.S. Army authorities and to Japanese officials, is the love life of the GIs and their "onlys." It is also a highly controversial and contradictory subject.

Charges were made last year that GIs had fathered 200,000 illegitimate children of mixed blood. Prominent Japanese made trips to the United States to seek monetary assistance for the care of these unfortunate children.

But when the welfare ministry finally got down to investigating the truth of these charges, it was able to account for only slightly more than 5,000 illegitimate offspring. What happened to the other 195,000 remains a mystery.

On the other hand, other charges have been substantiated. The most damaging came from Nishitama, a village adjoining the gigantic U.S. Air Base outside Tokyo, where a large number of GIs had been keeping "onlys" in unobtrusive farmhouses.

The secret leaked out when a primary school teacher disclosed that of 140 pupils who had been told to write compositions on the theme: "Present-day social conditions," nearly a score took up the subject of "onlys" who lived in their homes. Some described in detail and with youthful candor what they saw when they peeped through the sliding paper doors or overheard through the equally fragile walls.

Hikaru Tamura, deputy mayor, lamented that the behavior of many of the GIs was too "open." Unfortunately, he said, the village does not dare evict the "onlys," because they contribute considerably to the village finances.

What Mr. Tamura says about finances holds true for the whole nation. Every time somebody complains about the moral laxity of Japanese girls who make a living from the GIs, the answer comes right back from the girls that what they earn constitutes a bigger portion of the national income than the total amount of Japan's foreign exports. That sort of argument sinks deeply into the pragmatic Japanese mind.—Kimpai Sheba



TALE OF THE ATOMIC PICKPOCKET

(Continued from page 27)

ascended the fire escape, hoping that a head or a gun didn't appear in the window above him until he could get away. He didn't stop to put on his shoes until his feet began to ache.

When Harry returned to his rooming house that afternoon, Moustache was in a black Cadillac sedan half a block from Harry's place. This time he wasn't alone. In the front seat beside him were two pugs, as big as they were ugly. Harry stood looking at them out of a drug store window for awhile, then he went looking for another room.

By the next afternoon, he was desperate with fear. No matter where he went Moustache and his boys were soon there, too. Harry had never thought of the police as being his friends. But now he wished he could go to them. Of course, he would have a time explaining how he got the papers. Besides, salamanders. . . . The cops would think he was crazy.

There was one sure way out—get rid of the papers. Harry threw back his shoulders as he walked down the street. Turning a corner, he stopped in front of a refuse can. Inside, a fire was conveniently burning. When Harry held the papers over it, ready to drop them, he saw that the heat brought forth hitherto invisible writing between the neatly typed lines.

A mere glance at the writing told him the author had other things on his mind beside salamanders. . . .

It was a tough decision, but in such a crucial affair one had to overlook personal prejudice. Harry went to the cops.

He told Broderick Fitzpatrick all about how he had come across the work on salamanders, and soon he was telling a skeptical precinct captain how another man's hand had been in the pocket he was searching. But the only people who really believed him were some F.B.I. men. Three agents took him to his old neighborhood and soon Moustache appeared and began following Harry, and the agents began following Moustache, and that night all of them—Harry, Moustache, and his pugs and the agents—were in the Federal House of Detention.

The day after Harry's arrest, the Attorney General arrived from Washington to investigate certain aspects of the arrest of several enemy agents. An imposing man who needed little fortification from his formidable cigar, he ploughed through a sea of reporters with the mighty imperturbability of a battleship.

"There you are, Chief," he explained, slamming the door in several newsmen's faces. "You've told those boys nothing—right?"

"Nothing," the Chief of Police said. "But I can't hide the facts for long."

"Yes," the Attorney General said, sitting down in a large leather chair. "Yes. Well, now, Chief, what is this rumor I

hear that you're trying to prefer charges against our chief witness in this spy case?"

"Oh, really, sir. No hurry about that at all. You go on and use Harry. There'll be plenty of time for us to get to him."

The Attorney General exhaled a cloud of cigar smoke. "You don't seem to understand, Chief. The government isn't concerned when you're going to prefer charges. We're concerned that you're contemplating such a move at all. By the way, what are the charges?"

"Oh, pickpocketing. That's all."

"That's all! Why don't you go on and make it *murder*?" The Attorney General sprang from his chair with the grace of a full-grown elephant. "Surely you can see the damage it would do to our case if news leaked out that our star witness is nothing but a common pickpocket."

The Chief, who prided himself on his intimate knowledge of local vice and crime, interjected, "You're under a wrong impression, sir. Harry is no *ordinary* pickpocket. Harry the Heft is tops."

"Ordinary, extraordinary, I don't give a damn!" exploded the Attorney General. "The fact remains that the government can't jeopardize its case. . . ."

It was the Chief's turn to grow indignant. "You certainly aren't suggesting that we drop charges."

The Attorney General's face radiated sarcastic appreciation. "That's it. For awhile I was afraid you wouldn't get it."

"But, sir," pleaded the Chief, "you don't seem to understand. My boys have been trying to get something on Harry for seventeen years."

The Attorney General waved this aside with his cigar. "I am not asking that you fail to do your duty, Chief. Rather, I say, there is a duty which is even higher than that of your high office—the duty to your country. Surely, sir, we would both be derelict if we failed to prosecute to the utmost spies who are trying to destroy this great nation of ours. Yet that's exactly what we would be doing if we let it be known that our chief witness is an *ordi—er . . .* a pickpocket. Why, our case would become an international joke. The spies might go free! Can we as much as tolerate the thought of our country freeing the men who tried to turn over to an enemy nation the secret formula for the Hydrogen Bomb?"

"The Hydrogen Bomb!" breathed the Chief.

"Indeed, sir," said the Attorney General. "The object of this spy ring was clear enough. Between the lines of that treatise on salamanders, in invisible ink, were all the important formulas for the H-Bomb."

"My God," exclaimed the Chief.

"You see, then, why it is necessary for Harry the Heft to remain clear of any charges which might impugn his character."

"Yes, sir. I do," agreed the Chief. . . .

Several days later Harry was shadow boxing with his gold watch when he was distracted by an unexpected noise.

"Pssst."

Standing at the bars of the next cell was a thin man with enough carbon on his face to mark him a reporter.

"Is your name Harry?"

"Among others. Who are you?"

"Wilson, from the *Daily Call*. I'd like to get your story."

"Why don't you just look at the police blotter?"

"Oh, that. I found out about that. How they booked you on a pickpocketing charge. But now they're holding you as some sort of material witness."

"They dropped the charge?"

"Certainly. That was simply a blind. Now tell me how you caught the spies?"

"How I caught them?"

"Sure. Don't play dumb. Look."

Wilson slipped a newspaper through the bars. Harry unrolled it and was greeted by an eight-column headline:

H-BOMB SPY RING TRAPPED

F.B.I. agents and local police teamed up yesterday after months of brilliant detective work and sprang the trap on a group of spies which had almost succeeded. . . .

"Is that how it happened?" Wilson asked.

"Well, not exactly," Harry said, wondering why they hadn't used his name in the story.

"Where were you when these Russian birds were captured?"

"With the F.B.I.," Harry said.

"Ah-HAH. Just as I thought," Wilson said. "Now, how long had you been after these birds?"

"Well, I wasn't after them exactly. They were after me."

"They found out who you were, huh?"

"They certainly acted like it. At least after I lifted those papers from one of them."

"What were the papers about?"

"Something about fish."

"Fish?"

"Yeah, but the other stuff, chemical symbols and all that, was written between the lines in invisible ink."

"How did you find that out?"

"Well, the heat brought it out, I guess. You see. . . ."

"Ah, you adventurers always seem to know all about invisible ink and cryptography, don't you? What then?"

"Why, then I called the cops."

"You sprung the trap, eh?"

"What—"

"Never mind. See you later— Oh, just one more thing. You're not a regular F.B.I. man. They never say anything but 'no comment.' So what did you get out of it?"

"Not much. Just—"

"—Just the thrill, huh?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that."

"You heroes. You're all alike. Modest to the point of tears."

Wilson began shouting for a guard. "I want a lawyer," he yelled. "Ger me out of here. I changed my mind. I didn't kidnap no baby after all!"

The Chief was furious the next day when he stormed into his office with a copy of the *Call* crumpled up in his

hand. "No, no!" he yelled at the reporters who besieged him the moment he opened the door. "No comment."

A more persistent gentleman of the press blockaded his door. "Look at this story in the *Call*, Chief."

"What the hell do you think I've been looking at?" blurted the Chief. "That's off the record, son," he quickly amended. He slammed the door to his office and grabbed the phone.

"Hello, operator, operator. Give me the Attorney General in Washington. . . Hello. Mr. Burns. Mr. Burns, this business of protecting this cheap pickpocket has gotten completely out of hand. . . What do I mean? Just listen to this, from the morning paper:

The trap which snared four H-Bomb spies Monday—officially described as the result of brilliant detective work—was actually planned by a self-effacing adventurer who risked his life "just for the hell of it," it was learned exclusively by the Call today.

Calmly smoking a cigarette in his cell at Federal House of Detention, Harry Handy described the details of his bold adventure. . .

The Chief read the account over the phone with increasing disgust. Suddenly he threw the paper to the floor and blurted, "Look here, Mr. Burns. Do you realize reporters have been breathing through my key hole ever since this thing started? If they find out about the police record of this character after I've kept quiet about it, I'm a dead duck. . .

"Why, no, Mr. Burns, of course I don't want the spies to go free. . . But that story in the *Call* is an outright lie, sir. . . Of course I'm patriotic. . . Naturally I don't want to see my bailiwick get hit with an H-bomb. . . All right, sir," the Chief sighed. "All right."

He replaced the receiver and held his head with great tenderness. Slowly he reached over and held down the key of the inter-office com. "Show the reporters in," he told his secretary.

The reporters didn't need to be shown. They flooded into the room, unaided.

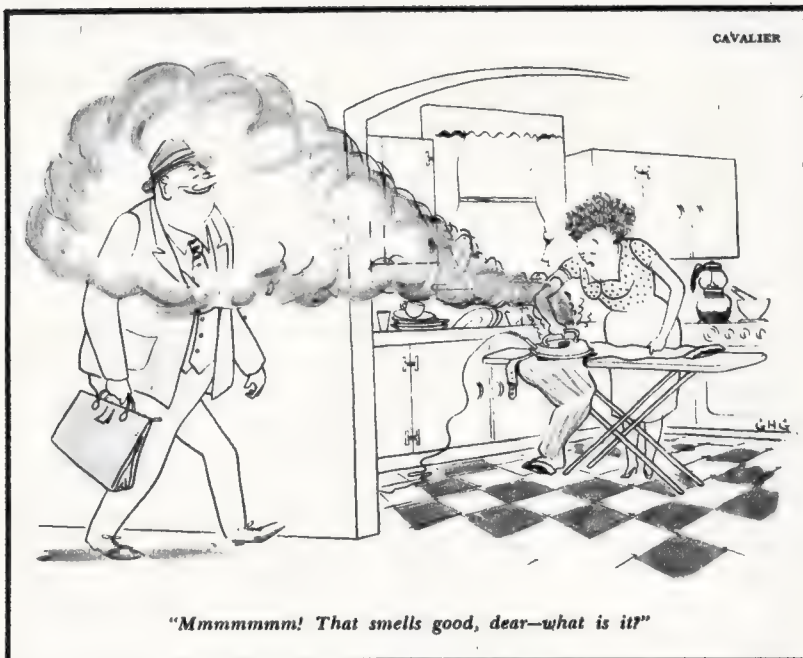
"Boys," the Chief said, trembling as he lighted a cigarette, "I have checked on the H-bomb story as it appeared in the *Call* and I can report off-the-record that the story is substantially correct. Now don't use my name in any connection. Just say an informed source. This is an F.B.I. case after all. . ."

The next afternoon the Chief knew his troubles were just beginning when he saw the story in *The Courier*:

The mysterious "professional adventurer" said to have played an important role in the snaring of four H-bomb spies here last Monday was revealed today to be a notorious pick-pocket who has been hauled in for questioning by police no fewer than 132 times during his alleged career. . .

Almost apoplectic, the Chief no-commented his way past reporters that afternoon and soon was talking long-distance to Washington.

"Hello, Mr. Burns? Mr. Burns, this business of protecting this cheap pick-pocket has gotten completely out of



"Mmmmmmm! That smells good, dear—what is it?"

hand. . . No, no, I just thought it was out of hand yesterday. That was nothing. Just listen to this."

And fighting to control himself, the Chief read *The Courier's* exclusive.

"What?" he exclaimed. "What? Oh, my God, I can't do that, Mr. Burns. No, never, sir! Never. . . Of course I'm patriotic. . . Of course I don't want the spies to go free. . . Of course I wouldn't want my sister to marry one. . . All right, sir. Very good."

The Chief replaced the receiver, reached in his desk for a fortifying shot of whiskey and called the reporters in.

"Boys," he said, sadly. "In all my years of dealing with you I've always treated you square. Now some reporter has decided I was a liar and has nosed through the records and come up with what appeared to be a very startling fact. He saw fit to print this information without checking with me as to its accuracy. . .

It was a somewhat bewildered Harry who stepped from the Federal House of Detention that afternoon. Being met by a howling mob of reporters, photographers, newsreel and television cameramen can be a traumatic experience. But Harry, who had acquired a certain worldliness during his work at racetracks and the opera quickly recovered and soon was acting the part of hero.

"Would you look this way, Mr. Handy? . . . Smile, Mr. Handy. . . Give us a victory handshake, Mr. Handy. . . Reach in your pocket like you're pulling a gun, Mr. Handy. . ."

Even as the cameras ground away, Harry was approached by an agent for a large publishing house. A ghost writer already had the book half-finished. It was to be called, "Just For the Hell of It: How I Captured the Infamous H-Bomb Spies." A movie executive wanted to film the story of Harry's life. An advertising man wanted Harry to endorse a leading

breakfast food. That very day an anti-administration newspaper made an editorial suggestion about a new presidential candidate which was taken up with a hue and cry. . .

Harry stood at the French windows of his hotel suite overlooking Central Park. He'd gotten so much money from advance royalties he hadn't bothered to add it up. It was now safely banked in three banks, far from the reach of thieves and cheap gunmen.

Harry was adjusting his new Countess Mara cravat when the official limousine drew up at the hotel entrance.

He took the ride down Broadway in stride, sitting in the back of the Cadillac convertible, blinded by the blizzard of ticker-tape falling from skyscraper windows and deafened by the roars of the hero-worshipping crowd.

Beside Harry's automobile walked a body guard led by the policeman of Harry's choice, Patrolman Broderick Fitzpatrick.

Proceeded by a dozen brass bands, the motorcade wended its way down canyon-like streets to City Hall. There, on a platform draped with bunting, was the Mayor and lesser dignitaries, waiting to extend their congratulations.

Harry took the place of honor and the ceremony went smoothly.

The Mayor was speaking to the assembled crowd, lauding Harry for his patriotic exploits, congratulating the city for having in its numbers such an unselfish and daring citizen.

"And as a token of recognition," the Mayor droned into the microphone, "and to express to you our gratification, Harry Handy, I, Mayor of this Great City, am honored to present to you this scroll."

And, with a flourish, the Mayor produced—his empty hand!

The Mayor looked puzzled. "That's strange," he was heard to mumble over the microphone. "It was here in my breast pocket just a few moments ago." •

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The Gold-Filled Hole in the Air

When it came to conceiving hoaxes, Barnum was a sissy not to be mentioned in the same room with Will H. Pickens. It was Will Pickens, the world's greatest promoter, who conceived *air pockets*; and the conception was hardly immaculate, for, as Will himself stated, his intentions toward anyone with a dollar never were honorable.

For the sake of old gullibles who may chance to read this story, here is a good place to describe what an air pocket is supposed to be. An air pocket is a hole in the air. Now 36 years old, it was a work of art created by William H. Pickens, who knew that no one would stop to consider that a hole in the air is impossible because the air at sea-level has a pressure of nearly 15 pounds per square inch, so that a cubic yard has a pressure on its surface of some 116,500 pounds.

The air pocket was born in a San Francisco restaurant in 1911. Around the table that evening sat Will H. Pickens, a quiet and shy birdman named Lincoln Beachey, a reporter from the San Francisco Chronicle, and a breathless and beardless boy—myself.

That morning, Will Pickens had had Beachey take the reporter up for a little trapeze about the aerodrome, which consisted of vacant lots, for the sake of free publicity for the "flying meet" that soon was to be held there.

The aerodrome was surrounded by hills and the bay, so that the air that flowed across it was wrinkled by the terrain and undulated by thermal currents. The reporter had sat on the leading edge of the lower wing of the Curtiss biplane.

At dinner, the reporter stated with obvious sincerity that he wished he had stayed on the ground.

"How did it feel?" asked Pickens.

"Fine," said the reporter, "except when we hit those downy-daisies. We dropped just like we had got into a hole in the air. . . . an . . . air pocket."

Pickens' eyes snapped open. "A what?"

"An air pocket."

"How—how did you know!" gasped Pickens. Dropping his voice and putting on the expression of a Hollywood spy, he went on, "We have been trying to

keep that thing quiet. Fliers get into 'em and there's nothing for the control surfaces to bear upon—out of control, see?—and it's terribly dangerous. You can't see how big an air pocket is. The little ones you shoot through before the airplane begins really to fall, but the big ones. . . ." Shudder, shudder. "Now we don't want the public to know that San Francisco is known to all fliers as the worst place in the world, the whole world, for air pockets, because there is such a danger of disaster after disaster, and if the poor people knew, it might scare them into staying away from the meet. But we must conquer the air, we pioneers, so we are determined to solve and master this terrible threat."

"What causes air pockets?" asked the gaping reporter.

"Nobody knows. It is a g-r-eat mystery. Why, you're the only layman who even knows that they exist!"

The "news" leaked. As can be imagined, the meet was a great boxoffice success.

Pickens was no man to ask fortune never to darken his door again. Before the flying meet at Sacramento took place, the papers somehow got wind of the "news" that it was being kept dark that Sacramento was infested by the hugest and grouchiest set of air pockets in the whole world. Readers were asked to imagine how many of the daring aviators would find themselves in the grip of air pockets and be dashed to the ground before the very eyes of a horrified populace. Attendance at the Sacramento meet set new records.

Strange to say, subsequent research established that city after city, each in its turn, was all unknowingly harboring the most devilish of all mysteries, the ghastly, invisible air pockets, in each case the worst in the world. By a coincidence no less mysterious than the pocket itself, the discovery invariably was made just before Will Pickens put on a flying meet. Falls—there were no crashes until 1917—did occur and the spectators would look knowingly at one another and nod, "Air pocket; I knew it would happen."

Thus Will H. Pickens became the only man who ever took a pot of gold out of a hole in the air.—Hy Sheridan

SONG OF 608 SQUADRON R.A.F.

(A Hudson Squadron based on the Orkney and Shetland Islands)

Tune: "Bless 'Em All."

They say there's a Hudson just leaving Norway,
Bound for the Shetland's shores;
Heavily laden with terrified men,
Shot-scared and flat on the floors.
They say there are Messerschmitts pumping in lead,
They say there are Folke-Wulfs too;
They've wrecked our hydraulics and given us the colics,
So cheer up my lads — same to you.

The other poor fellows who fell in the mire,
They sent them to Orkney's shore;
The runway was ninety degrees out of wind,
It tried bloody hard to be more.
Now Coastal Command think this jolly good fun,
They chuckle like ogres and say:
"WE'll get OUR promotion this side of the ocean,
If Six-o-eight fly every day."





BUSBY'S RAT

(Continued from page 35)

no sound then but the lapping of the river between the shore and the wharfboat.

"There's nothing for you to be afraid of anymore," Jonas murmured. "The *Noah Cunningham* leaves for Cincinnati tomorrow noon and you're coming with me. We'll be married—"

They both heard it: the cocking of Busby's pistol in the doorway. Jonas turned and shielded Eliza behind him.

"Captain Tanner," Busby said, "you have chosen—ill-advisedly I should say—to ignore my warning to you to stay away from my daughter. Now I am entirely within my rights in shooting you down as a trespasser."

Jonas threw Eliza to the floor and flattened himself beside her as the orange flame and the flat roar of Busby's pistol filled the room. In the void of silence afterwards Jonas could hear Busby cursing to himself and re-loading in the dark. Jonas felt about him frantically for a weapon. His hand closed on a ten-foot sounding-pole that rested against the wall. He raised it and brought it down in the darkness with all his might just as Busby shouted and raised the pistol to fire again. Then he could hear Captain Gunn come running down the bricks of the landing onto the gangplank. Lanterns were appearing on the decks of the *Noah Cunningham* and voices were crying out in the dark.

Eliza lay sobbing in the corner, her head buried in her arms, her dark hair

spilling over her white hands when Captain Gunn came through the doorway holding the lantern high. Jonas Tanner leaned against the wall, breathing heavily, with the sounding-pole still in his hands. Busby's massive torso lay sprawled grotesquely in the doorway.

"He's dead," said Captain Gunn, after a moment of bending over Busby's body. "Don't worry, Jonas. This man was hardly human. No river jury will ever convict you."

Jonas did not answer. For a moment Captain Gunn thought he had not heard him. Then he followed Jonas' gaze and saw the rat. It was sitting on its hind legs in the doorway to the deck, staring at Busby's body with an almost childish grief. Captain Gunn swore and picked up a heavy china cup from the table and threw it at the beast as hard as he could. It struck it squarely and they all heard the angry squeal of pain. In an instant, though, it was on its feet again and, with one last vicious—almost human—look of hate at Jonas it darted into the night.

"Now," said Captain Gunn. "I think we'd better fetch the magistrate. . . ."

In the next session Jonas was tried and, with the testimony of Captain Gunn and Eliza Busby, was acquitted. The people of Cresap's Landing felt a strong sense of relief that Busby was gone. The older women, it is true, experienced pangs of disappointment that Eliza had not somehow shared in Busby's debacle, but still there were enough of the young ones to

make the wedding a gay affair. Captain Gunn made arrangements for Jonas to inherit the position of wharfmaster of Cresap's Landing, and for a wedding present he gave the young couple cabin passage to Mobile.

After their return, Eliza went to work and fixed up the two little rooms of the wharfboat. Every vestige of Busby's memory was destroyed, and when Captain Gunn came back in the fall he scarcely recognized the place. In his honor, Eliza cooked a supper that was the finest meal in the land. It was dusk and the sun seemed to have set the river afire when Captain Gunn left.

Jonas went over to his wife and took her in his arms. They stood together for a long moment with their arms around each other, and then Jonas opened his eyes and looked over Eliza's shoulder. Sitting on its haunches in the doorway staring at them, its eyes gleaming like tiny black beads was the rat. Eliza felt Jonas stiffen and almost instantly she sensed what it was.

"Don't move, my dear," Jonas whispered, feeling inside his coat for the small revolver that was there.

Eliza was trembling so, that Jonas could hardly hold the pistol steady. Then the shot rang out in the close room and Eliza screamed. Jonas went over to the body of the huge rat lying on the deck. It was dead. He picked it up by the tail and threw it over the railing into the green, moving water. Eliza was crying almost hysterically.

"There," he said, putting his arms around her, "that's the last of it, Liza. The last thing in the world to remind you of him. There now . . . there. . . You mustn't shake like that. He's gone. He's gone forever and now his rat's gone."

Presently Eliza stopped trembling and sobbing and Jonas lifted her and laid her in her bunk and went back into the kitchen. It was dark outside now. The green frogs were setting up a racket in the cattails along the shore. Jonas sat down at the kitchen table, thankful for the warm yellow light of the oil lamp at his elbow. He poured himself a glass of wine and sipped it slowly.

And then he heard the sound.

At first it was a patternless whisper, scarcely audible above the slapping of the water against the wharfboat. Then Jonas knew there was a rhythm in it—a strange, cadenced skittering like the march of tiny feet. He dared not move his eyes from the lamp chimney to the doorway with the towering river dark behind it; knowing well in his heart what horror might be there. Then he turned his head suddenly and saw them—12 of them—huge grey rats sitting up in a row outside the doorway, for all the world like a jury that had come to pass a judgment on his soul. Their tiny eyes never left his face, and by the time Jonas had snatched the revolver out of the pocket of his alpaca coat and lifted it to fire, they had dropped and melted into the darkness again.

CAVALIER, January 1954



"You're pulling 'em in too fast, Mack— Play 'em! Play 'em!"

Jonas sat perfectly still for a long time in the split-bottom chair. He realized presently that he was drenched with sweat and his heart was pounding wildly. He went to the kitchen cupboard and fetched down the little paper of powders and measured the dose out in a tumbler. When he had drunk the mixture the faintness passed away and he sat down again at the table, wondering what to do.

Through the doorway to the bedroom he could see Eliza peacefully sleeping, her dark hair tangled over the white bolster. Then Jonas went up the little gangplank onto the landing and headed for the pharmacist's to get the strychnine. It was the only way under the sun to be rid of the last vestige of Busby. It wasn't so much that the rats would do either him or Eliza any real physical harm—though that was not beyond reason. It was just the very thought of them. It was the knowledge of them coming and sitting there—a jury of them. It was perhaps the unspoken fear—insane perhaps—that if they could be a jury they could be executioners, too. . . .

Within half an hour Jonas returned to the wharf and hurried anxiously down the gangplank to the cabin to see if Eliza were all right. He put the little packet of poison away and hurried over to his wife's side. He bent to kiss her. She stirred once in her sleep and smiled. Jonas thought he saw her lips form his name. He left her then, and fetching the lamp from the kitchen table went outside

to make sure the rats had not returned.

Satisfied, Jonas went inside and, blowing out the lamp, began undressing in the dark. In the morning he would put out the poisoned bait. The thing would be over then; the rats would be dead.

Jonas had not been asleep 15 minutes when he heard them again outside on the deck. He started up in his bed and stared wildly through the dark toward the open door. Against the white morning fog they were there on the deck—distinct and unmistakable. There were 12 of them again, making no noise, not moving, just sitting and staring in at Jonas like respectable little men in grey frock coats. Jonas' heart was pounding so hard now that he could hear nothing but the terrible roar of his own blood.

"Liza!" he called. "Liza!"

He heard her bare feet padding quickly across the floor to the lamp, heard the match scratch on the table top and then the yellow glare moving toward him and Eliza's blurred, pale face presently looming over his.

"My medicine. . ." Jonas gasped. "In . . . the . . . kitchen cabinet. . ."

She was gone for an instant, and then he heard the pump handle squeaking and the clink of the spoon in his tumbler and then she was back, lifting his head gently in her hands, her face frantic and twisted with fear and love for him.

He drank the liquid quickly and

presently lay back sweating in his pillow.

"I saw them," he whispered. "They came and sat out there . . . just looking at me . . . like a jury. Liza, get me my pistol. In . . . my . . . coat. . . Like a jury. . ."

The last thing he heard was Eliza's scream, and then the darkness walked through the doorway from the river and folded round him like a warm hand. . . .

Captain Gunn was there within 15 minutes, and old Doctor Bruce got out of bed and came down to the landing in his rockaway and tried to quiet Eliza. It was useless to try to help Jonas. He was dead within an hour. Doctor Bruce put Liza to bed and gave her a sedative. When she had fallen off into a troubled sleep the two men went out and stood for a moment on the deck.

"His heart was always bad," Captain Gunn said, steadying a match under the tip of his long black stogie. "He used to have these fits even when he was a boy."

Doctor Bruce laid his hand on Captain Gunn's arm.

"Gunn," he said. "It wasn't Jonas' heart that killed him. It was strychnine. He's had a dose tonight that would kill a team of mules. I'd never have thought she would do such a thing—that girl. But I guess blood's thicker than water. . . ."

Captain Gunn did not answer. He stood and listened to it as long as he could stand it, the sound the rats were making, squealing in the room behind him like a pack of happy children. ●



THE LADY HAD A PAST

(Continued from page 17)

"Hey Dude," he said. "Where'd you drop from?"

"London," said my Grandpap, "in England."

Hug laughed out loud and said, "I bet a big city dude like you's gonna get lonesome in a little town like this." Hug was full of Old Whittler and just spoiling for a fight.

"Well now, you may be right," said the newcomer like he was giving it considerable thought. "This isn't much of a town, but I'm going to buy a ranch here."

"What's the matter with Emblem Creek, Dude?" asked Hug moving down the bar and everybody giving him room.

"Well," said Grandpap seriously, "your town's dirty and full of ignorant people—at least, that's as much as I can see in the ten minutes I've been here."

That's when Hug jumped at him in true, old-fashioned style. By that I mean both heels coming first and both spurs flashing. But Grandpap just stepped aside and Hug landed on his saddle patch on the floor—and hard. The whole bar shook and Hug jumped up with a chair in one hand. He swung it up over his head and brought it down on the place where Grandpap had been standing, but Grandpap wasn't standing there any more. He'd moved calmly out into the center of the room and was handing his coat and stove-pipe hat to a cowboy. "Now then," says

Grandpap. He raised both fists and squinted at Hug through his pinch-nose glasses. "En garde."

Hug let out a fearsome bellow and came for Grandpap with a swing that would've killed a Comanche. Some people tell about how they shut their eyes and just heard Hug's fist wallop against Grandpap's jaw and others say they kept their eyes open and watched. But the next thing any of them knew Hug was hopping around on one foot and then the other holding his fist in his hand. He didn't keep hopping long because Grandpap stepped forward and belted him so hard that he smashed into the pianola across the room and knocked off the lid.

Hug lay there blinking for a moment or two and Grandpap stood looking at him. Then Hug opened his eyes wide and reached for his gun. Grandpap coughed nervously and backed up, but before he knew which way to turn Hug had the barrel raised up.

The bar door swung open and Grandpap heard someone sing out, "Hug! Drop that gun!"

Hug sat up straight and looked mad. "Get out of this bar, Martha."

"You put up that gun or I'll take it from you," this beautiful voice said so sweet and clear, "and come outside. I want to talk to you and ladies don't talk in barrooms." Then Grandpap turned

around and saw her standing there.

She wasn't any ordinary woman. She was slim and proud looking, all dressed in black. She had bronze-colored hair and flashing eyes and she held herself so that you knew she was quality. "And as for you," she said to Grandpap. "You ought to be ashamed. What's your name?"

"Roderick Cadwallader, M'am."

"Roderick," she said distastefully. "That's no name for a man. You ought to be ashamed. Roderick Cadwallader. Hug, you come with me." Then the bar doors were swinging idly where she'd been standing and Grandpap thought he'd been fetched addled because he could never remember seeing a woman as beautiful as that anywhere.

Hug picked up his hat and stopped in front of my grandpap. "You watch out, Dude," he said fiercely, "you'd better guard your burrow." Then he followed the woman through the swinging doors.

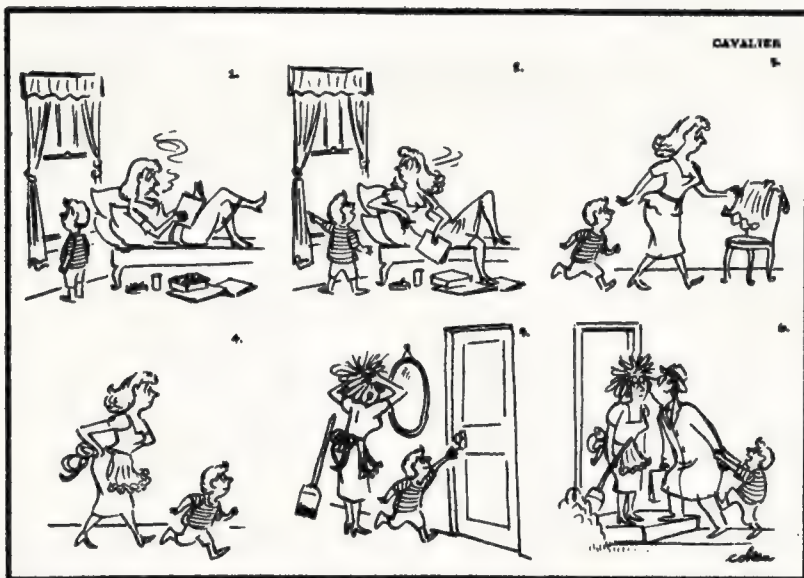
Grandpap took his coat back and put on his hat. He went over to the bar and pulled out a big roll of dollars. "Who was that woman?" he asked.

The bartender grinned. "That's the Widow, Mister," he said, "say, you can fight pretty good."

"Boxed some in England," said Grandpap. "It's scientific," he laid down his money. "The extra dollar's for the pianola. What did you say her name was?"

The Widow looked up at him with a funny smile on the edges of her mouth. "It's a hot day for apology riding, Roderick Cadwallader," she said. "Come in."

She led him to the parlor and an Indian girl brought some lemonade. Grandpap pulled out his little hanky and wiped



his brow. "Obliged," he said politely.

The Widow looked at him and let the corners of her mouth go as they pleased and they smiled at him. "What are you doing out here, Roderick Cadwallader?"

"I'm going to buy a ranch," he replied, taking a glass of lemonade. "I got tired of England, you might say, and felt the lure. I saw Emblem Creek on the map and fancied the name. I see you still wear your weeds of mourning. My sympathies."

She smiled again. "You're a funny man. Have you ever shot a gun?"

Grandpap shook his head.

"The meek shall inherit the earth," she replied, "unless the earth is faster on the draw. Knocking Hug bowlegged in the bar was not a peace-loving gesture."

Grandpap smiled. "A harmless game. I boxed in England. Strictly scientific. A relative of yours?"

"My dead husband's brother."

"A bit of a roughneck," said Grandpap, "if I may take the liberty."

"The Rawleys are all mean men, Roderick Cadwallader," she said, "I married mine when I was fifteen. I should've known better."

"Is he lately deceased?"

"The cholera," she said too quickly.

Now Grandpap was a smart man for all his mule-fooling and he saw that the Widow was in no mood to take more conversation about her bereavement. He changed the subject. "Might I approach you on selling a bit of land?" he asked.

"Have you cash?" she replied steadily.

Grandpap smiled and took an envelope from his breast pocket. The Widow didn't bat a lid when he laid a thousand dollars on the table before her. "Take a thousand in the valley," she said gathering up the money.

Roderick Cadwallader stood up and bowed. "I hope I may call again when your mourning is over," he said.

The Widow rose and faced him and something jumped like a spark between them for she liked the Englishman with all his crazy manners. "I am at home," she said, taking his eyes in hand with

hers, "and would admire seeing your upper lip and eyelids." Then she smiled at him in amusement and left the room.

Grandpap smiled too for he was a smart man like I've said. On the way home he plucked off his pinch-nose glasses and threw them in a gully and that night he shaved his mustache.

Roderick Cadwallader had to sweat for his ranch even if he did have money. He had to lick a couple more men before he was through and he had to pound fence posts for many a weary mile. He had to ride up and down the gullies and stand in the steaming sun to count his calves. But all through the seasons, in the sun, the rains and snow, his ranch grew and got finer and finer. Grandpap never built a house, though, and the reason was simple. He was waiting to see what he'd have to put in one. Every evening when the work was done, he'd ride the long miles up to the ranch and visit the Widow.

Sometimes they'd ride together or drive in her buckboard and other times they'd just sit on the veranda and watch the sun roll under the mesas, the evening grow cool and silvery and the moon dip up from behind the eastern line. Grandpap would hear the coyotes yowl and listen to the rushing of the creek below and bit by bit he understood that he was in love with the Widow. "Martha," he said one night as they walked up the gravel slope in the moonlight, "I'd be honored if you would give me your hand."

The Widow looked up at him and her eyes were bright. "I don't understand."

Grandpap stopped and frowned at her. "In the vernacular of your upbringing, my dear, will you marry me?"

The Widow smiled at his words, but their meaning made her thoughtful and sad. "I think you're the best man I've ever known, Roderick," she said softly, "but I cannot marry you now."

"My intentions—"

She laid her hand upon his arm and raised her eyes to his. In the moonlight Grandpap could see tears brimming in the pools of grey. "Believe me, my heart's desire is to accept you. But not now.

Someone—something stands between us."

He nodded slightly. "Hug Rawley."

The Widow smiled sadly. "Good night, Roderick."

Grandpap rode into town, puzzling it to himself. He pondered as he lay in his bed at the hotel and turned the problem in his mind as he rode his fence lines the next day.

The reason must be Hug, thought Grandpap, and then he pondered on Hug a bit. Grandpap knew well that the big, bearded cowboy hated him. He saw Hug striding in the streets, he felt Hug's mean eyes boring into his back when he stood at the bar for his nightly drink. Some evenings, when riding to the Widow's, Grandpap had seen Hug's silhouette passing on the ridge above. Hug's head would be bowed upon his breast and he seemed to be thinking as he rode.

Sometimes they spoke. Sometimes, during the roaring spring rains when the calves were all gone, the men would hole up in the bar for days getting moody, mean drunk. Hug had baited Grandpap once or twice. Not fist-baiting, but gun-baiting because Hug knew that Grandpap wouldn't carry iron and would walk wide before he'd be provoked to use it.

But Grandpap found no answers for all his pondering and so he decided to go look for them.

One evening he didn't ride to the Widow's, but leaned against the bar and listened to the men talk. After a little bit, Grandpap got into conversation with an old cowpoke named Ormey.

"Tell me," said Grandpap, "you ever worked for the Widow's outfit?"

Ormey scratched his whiskers and looked Grandpap up and down. "In old Jake's day," he said thoughtfully.

"Mean man—Jake?" asked Grandpap.

"Mighty mean man," said Ormey. "Carried on somethin' fierce. Tough on the Widder, too."

Grandpap picked up the whiskey bottle and moved to a table. Ormey followed, drooling a bit.

"Like how?" asked Grandpap.

Ormey dumped down a shot and wiped his whiskers. "Place belonged to her, y'know. Jake married her after her pappy got put in the ground. Some say Jake killed the old man."

"Now don't people talk?" murmured Grandpap, filling Ormey's glass.

"More likely as not," said Ormey, "then Jake got put in the ground, too."

"The cholera," said my grandpap.

Ormey winked. "The cholera. Had it myself."

"Didn't kill you," said Grandpap.

"Don't kill many," answered Ormey.

After that talk, my grandpap rode harder than ever and worked long hours in the broiling sun. And as he did, he thought mightily and finally he rode to the Widow's again in the coolest evening that August brought. About a mile below her house his horse threw a shoe and so Grandpap left him there and went on by foot.

Dusk was seeping down over the land and coyotes howled on the mesa. In the dry washes and ox-bow bends the cattle bedded for the night. The wind rustled

in the larkspur and the moon had saddled his mare. As Grandpap hiked up the hill, he was glad to be alive and so far away from London town. As he smelled the sweet evening breeze and the flower scent that rode it, he fairly ached he loved the Widow so much.

He got to the top of the hill and saw that there were lanterns lit in the Widow's parlor and Hug's horse was tied to the porch rail. Now my grandpap was not a sneaking man, but a lot of facts and ideas had been whirling round inside his head and making his ear-butts throb. Little by little he'd begun to see, but now he had to hear some, too.

He skirted the house and stepped up close to the parlor window. Hug's horse snickered in the sweet evening and the crickets talked in the Henry grass. "You're holdin'," said Hug's voice, "you can't hold forever, Martha."

"And you can't bluff forever," her voice replied, steady and brave.

"I'd get the ranch anyhow if they ever found you out," said Hug smoothly. "But I'm willin' to marry you, Martha."

"That's big talk, Hug," she said scornfully, "but you've no proof."

"I got a shovel," said Hug, "and arms for digging."

"Get off my ranch," she said, "get off!"

"This is your last summer," Hug told her. "I'm tired of waitin'. I'm tired of seein' that Englishman hangin' around here and you disgracin' Jake's memory."

"That's my affair," said the Widow briskly. "Now clear!"

Then Hug's voice was as bitter as a rattler's hiss. "I'll kill that Englishman first chance I get."

"You can't take a licking, can you?"

"He beat me fair with fists," said Hug.

"Now see can he beat me with iron." Then Hug's footsteps clumped through the house and crunched on the gravel and he rode away in the dark.

Grandpap stood on the lawn for a long time. He knew what he had to do and he didn't want to. But finally he turned away from the house and went down to the Widow's barn. He groped around until he found a shovel and a lantern.

The crickets were loud in the Henry grass and the wind was talking to the poplar trees when he passed down between the twin rocks to the meadow where the Widow's people were laid. He put his shovel down against a rock and took his lantern in among the graves. He found several there; a little nipper who'd never lived to see his first sunrise and an old man who'd stayed long enough to see his last. Finally he found it—a stone marked "JAKE RAWLEY—He Was A Good Man."

"We'll see about that," said Grandpap.

The shovel mushed in the soft dirt and somewhere off into the darkness an owl told another owl that it was getting on and the crickets sang all around. Grandpap was knee deep by now and the lantern was flickering on a mound of soft dirt that kept building up. Pretty soon the shovel hit something that went *whomp!* All hollow and scary, Grandpap got down on his knees and scraped the dirt off the coffin.

The little beads of perspiration were standing out on his forehead now even if the night was cool. He didn't fancy his job because he didn't want any more truck with dead people than the next man. But he was determined to find out and so he went scraping away until the smooth lid of the coffin was bare. Then Grandpap stepped aside and dug his heels into the dirt. He got out his clasp knife and slipped it under the coffin lid. She came away slow and easy with a fear-some creaking sound.

He picked up the skull and turned it over. He found the small hole at the base just where he expected he would. The hole was clean. Someone had shot a .45 steady and true. Grandpap felt his knees go all watery and the touch of the bone was cold to his hand. He laid the skull back in the grave and was putting on the lid of the coffin when a voice spoke out of the black night around him. "Are you satisfied, Roderick Cadwallader?"

Grandpap's hands let go the lid which banged against the side of the grave.

The Widow's voice cut like a driver's whip. "You had to go meddling," she said, "and now you know."

"I knew Hug was holding something over you," said Grandpap.

"I told you Jake died of the cholera," replied the Widow bitterly. "A gentleman believes a lady's lies."

"Hug knows it's not a lie," said Grandpap, "and to fight him even I had to know as much as he did."

"What can you do to Hug?" she demanded. "Box him again?"

Before Grandpap could answer, another face appeared above the grave. "Next time you go robbin' my kinfolks' graves," said Hug slow and grim, "don't leave your horse tethered in the road. Now tell the lady what you'll do to Hug."

Grandpap looked him square in the eye although he was afraid. "Anything you say," he replied.

"I'll be in town at sunup," said Hug. "I'll have a line drawn in front of the hotel. Come in wearin' a gun and step over that line."

Grandpap nodded. "The one that wins gets her," he nodded toward the Widow, "and the man in this grave." Then he began to shovel the dirt back on top of old Jake Rawley.

Grey mist was swirling between the old wooden buildings of Emblem Creek when my grandpap rode in on his sorrel horse. At that time before dawn the whole world seemed to be all purple and glittering with the dew on the grass beside the road. Grandpap wore Ormery's revolver and holster. He hadn't even tried pulling the gun out fast because he knew that he'd have to practice as many years as he'd been alive to have a chance.

The town was very quiet. All Grandpap could hear was the clomp-clomp of his horse's hoofs; there was no other sound. As he dismounted and tethered before the hardware store, a rooster crowed somewhere and at that moment a sliver of golden light pierced down the empty street. Grandpap stood breathing the clear, cool air and pondering to himself. He couldn't run away and he wouldn't.

The sound of footsteps on the board sidewalk disturbed him and he looked up to see Hug coming down the hotel stairs. He walked leisurely into the middle of the street and then slouched and looked at Grandpap. "All right, Dude," he called, his voice echoing in the stillness. "There's the line."

Hug drew a wavering line with his boot tip and backed away.

Grandpap shifted his gunbelt and wished he were fighting with his fists. Then he started walking toward Hug.

Hug stood still, looking at him. A cigarette butt was smouldering in one hand.

Grandpap walked on. He was thinking about all the things he'd seen and done—about sunrise over London town and how prettily the Widow's eyes were.

Then he looked down and saw the line before him, coming closer with each step.

Hug dropped his cigarette butt and ground it into the dust with his heel. He raised his dark eyes and looked at Grandpap. Both of Hug's hands spread open and came up to hang just above his belt line.

Grandpap met Hug's eyes; they were all he could see except for the grey mist swirling beyond Hug's shoulder. Then Grandpap stepped over the line.

The guns roared and fire spat out into the street; a cloud of acrid smoke filled Grandpap's eyes. A voice screamed in pain and the street came up and hit Grandpap hard. He rolled over, clawing at his gun with his left hand.

When he opened his eyes and sat up, he suddenly realized he wasn't hurt.

Hug Rawley was crumpled up in the street. His gun lay six feet from his outstretched hand and there was a bullet flush between his eyes.

Between the hotel and the hardware store the Widow of Emblem Creek stood with a smoking iron in her hand. "I shot some as a child," she said calmly. "It's scientific. You'd better come home to breakfast."

And that was how my grandpap, called Roderick Cadwallader, learned to believe a lady's lies. Of course he never had any choice after that because he married the Widow a month later.

One evening she told him about how Jake Rawley had killed her father by shooting his horse down in a draw and after that they never discussed the matter again. Of course she told my grandpap what she had done when Jake got drunk and bragged to her about the killing.

As far as I know they only had one argument in all their lives. Grandpap wanted to teach me to box one summer but Grandmaw wouldn't let him. She said boxing was vulgar. When Grandpap put up an objection, my grandmaw took down her daddy's old pistol and shot some skeetery-lizards off the fence posts in the barnyard.

Grandpap was silent for a long time after she'd finished and then he turned to me and said, "She learned it as a girl. She claims it's scientific."

But I was just a little shaver at the time and didn't know what he was getting at. •



NECKTIE PARTY

(Continued from page 11)

the pin into the lump, and she kicked her leg out, arching her back. I drew the sharp point across the swelling, feeling the sullen tear of flesh in the darkness.

"Your mouth," she ordered. "Hurry!"

I clamped my teeth onto her leg. I drew on the skin, tasting the salty flow of blood, and a bitter, galling taste beneath that. I spat it all into the water, and then I drew again, hard. My fingers were pressed into her skin, squeezing the area around the bite. I kept drawing on the wound, spitting blood and venom.

"Pack it with mud," she said.

I did that, reaching into the water and scooping up the thick, clay mud from the bottom. Each time I stuck my hand into the water, I expected to feel a pair of strong jaws clamp shut on it. I packed the wound, and she lay back. She was breathing hard, and the mounds of her breasts rose and fell. Behind us, I could hear the hounds starting up again. That meant the posse was leaving the shack.

"We've got to get moving," I told her.

"Leave me here," she said. "I'll be fine."

"What'll your husband say when he finds you helped me escape?"

"I don't know," she paused.

"I'll carry you. You've got to come with me, anyway. I'll never find my way out of here alone."

She considered this for a long moment, and then said, "It's the least I can do after . . . after what you did for me."

I didn't wait for more. I scooped her up and said, "Which way?"

"Straight ahead. The wedge branches about two hundred yards from here. One branch leads to the highway, and the other ends in a pool of quicksand. I've got a canoe hidden near the quicksand."

I started running, the girl light in my arms. I held her under the thighs, with my other arm around her back, the cup of her breast touching my wrist. I looked into the darkness and watched the moonlit cypresses, smelling the deep fragrance of her hair, feeling her body tremble under the thin sweater.

The wedge branched abruptly ahead. "Which one?" I asked.

"On the left. Go slowly. The quicksand is about twenty yards from the fork."

I took the left fork, slowing down suddenly. I couldn't see a damned thing ahead, and I pitied any poor bastard who took this fork without a guide.

"There it is," she said.

I still couldn't see anything at first. And then the canoe appeared on the water, a slender red job tied to the roots of a big cypress.

"Careful!" she said. I picked my way over roots and weeds, stopped on solid ground near the canoe. I put her down then, in the bow of the boat, untied the frayed hemp that held it to the cypress, and then climbed into the stern. I picked up a paddle and pushed off.

"Bear to the left," she said. "Away from the wedge. We'll cut around be-

hind the shack and back to the edge of the swamp."

"Who owns that shack, anyway?" I asked.

"I do."

I paddled softly, dipping the flat end into the water, pulling it back gently.

"How's your leg?"

"Fine. I feel a little weak, but otherwise I'm fine."

I could hear the dogs over on our right now, mingled with the curses of men having trouble with the roots and the reeds and the promise of snake bites.

I paddled silently, beginning to think a little. There were a lot of knots in the string of events, and I tried to untangle them. But I couldn't. Not without help.

"Why do you need a shack in the swamp?" I asked.

She didn't answer for a few minutes. She was lying back against a small cushion in the bow, her long legs stretched.

"Well, it's not really my shack," she said. "I just come here sometimes."

"Whose is it?"

"Well, it doesn't really belong to anybody. It was built by an escaping slave a long, long time ago. I guess nobody ever took the trouble to take it down. It's—"

"Why do you use it?" I asked.

"I just come here sometimes."

Another question annoyed me, and I tried it, hoping I'd get better results. "This Jed character—the guy who was killed—what was he doing in your house?"

"He—he was just there."

"Was he a friend of your husband's?"

She hesitated again. "Yes. Yes, he was. That is, everybody liked Jed."

"You're a bad liar," I said.

"Wh . . . what do you mean?"

"Does the shack have any connection with Jed?"

"No," she said sharply.

"Look," I said, "I'm not a traveling preacher. If you were playing with him, I don't give a damn. Is that clear?"

"All right," she said reluctantly. "Jed and I . . . we . . . we used the shack occasionally."

I thought of a good pun, but I squelched it. "What about hubby?"

"No. Yes. I—I don't know."

Something began rapping at the back of my mind. I tried to open the door hiding the answers, but I was still groping for the knob.

From the sound of the baying, the posse had reached the fork in the wedge. We were pretty far from there now. I tried to picture the sheriff, trying to remember what he'd looked like. I remembered a tall, thin man with a hooked nose and penetrating blue eyes. He'd had a thin, bloodless mouth, and a jaw with the strength of the trap on a gallows. He had listened to my story, but his eyes

had been unresponsive. Hangin' Mann. Yeah, sure.

I said, "Why didn't you go to your husband with the story? What held you back?"

"Nothing."

"Baloney. You were afraid."

"No. No, why should I be afraid?"

She propped herself up on her elbows, the move stretching the sweater tight across her breasts.

"You were afraid because you thought he did it! And you didn't know what he might do next."

I let this penetrate for a few minutes. The picture was clear enough. Mann had a reputation for being a real tough cookie. He'd probably stumbled into Jed in his own home, waiting for Doris to get there. Jed had probably turned green when the sheriff popped in. After that, it was the old story. The sheriff realized he'd been made a cuckold, and he proceeded to bash Jed's brains out. He'd probably run like blazes when he realized what he'd done. Doris had come to keep the rendezvous, found her lover boy dead, and decided she'd better make tracks, too. In the meantime, Mann had cooled off a little, enough to realize a dead body in his own home might not look good to the local yokels. He'd hauled the body to the highway, and then hightailed it back to town, figuring it'd probably be chalked up as a hit and run case when it was found. I'd stumbled right into it, but Mann had to play the game or show his own hand—so I became the sucker.

"Well?" I asked.

She'd been thinking all this time. She turned her head away from me, lowering her eyes. "Yes," she said softly. "I think my husband killed him. That's why . . . why I wanted to help you. I can't see an innocent man. . . ." She broke off, then leaned forward suddenly. "He'd hang you. He'd hang you without stopping to think about it. You're made to order, don't you see? You'll pay for his crime!"

"And that's why you helped me," I said.

"Yes."

That figured, too. Balm for the conscience. It was bad enough she'd been playing around behind hubby's back. It was worse that Jed had lost his life because of that. But she'd really fry in Hell if an innocent jerk like me had to pay for it.

"Okay," I said, "I'm satisfied."

She smiled a little, her face pathetically grateful in the moonlight.

"Now all we have to worry about is your husband."

I thought of what would happen if he caught either of us, and the prospect wasn't entirely a happy one. I was considering the idea of taking her with me when I heard the sound of the engine on the water.

"Hey!" I whispered.

I stopped paddling, and we both listened. The hum was coming from ahead of us, and I could make out the flicker of a high-powered searchlight weaving its way through the trees ahead.

"The launch!" she said.

The sweat broke out on my forehead

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again. I felt like heading back to the quicksand pool and jumping in. That would be the simplest way. I kept remembering that I wasn't dealing with a simple sheriff out after his man. I was dealing with a murderer who was looking for a patsy.

"Is the shack near here?" I asked.

"Why?"

"If he's got a launch, we'll be safer off the water. We can forget about getting back to town for the time being."

She nodded, then hesitated while she looked around to get her bearings. "Yes, that way," she said.

I nodded briefly, and started paddling in the direction she'd indicated. Something was troubling me, but I couldn't figure it for the life of me. I only knew that Hangin' Mann would probably turn into a shootin' man as soon as he spotted us. I thought of a .45 slug holding my tie in place. It was fashionable as hell, but I wasn't wearing a tie.

The tarpaper shack appeared as suddenly as it had the first time. I paddled the canoe over to it, shaking weeds and brambles from the paddle. I hopped ashore, my eyes covering the ground for snakes. Then I looped the line over a jutting rock and pulled the canoe closer to land. Doris tried to stand, her leg buckling under her. I reached down, lifting her. She put her head close to my neck, and her lips brushed against my skin like a gentle whisper. I thought of the bundle of woman I held in my arms, and then I thought of Mann. Oddly, I began to feel a little sorry for him—until I remembered the shotgun he was probably carrying.

I ran toward the shack, dropping Doris on the neatly made cot in one corner.

"There's a gun," she said.

"What? Why didn't you say so before?"

"In the dresser. The top drawer."

We'd lost the dogs, but the sound of the approaching launch was every bit as terrifying. I fumbled around in the darkness, moving silk undergarments, bed clothes, a pair of men's pajamas. I found the gun then. A .38 with the moisture of the swamp clinging to the blue-black metal.

"Is it loaded?"

"Yes," she said.

The motor launch idled up to the shore, and the searchlight thrust a poking beam of light through the window. I ducked down instinctively, and Doris huddled against the wall of the shack, her legs pulled up under her on the cot.

I shoved a chair against the door, and I crouched down behind the dresser, the .38 cocked in my fist. I heard a voice outside, cursing softly, and then the engine died and the light went out.

Silence closed in on the swamp.

"All right!" a voice yelled. "Come on out of there!"

Doris screamed, and the sound sent a locomotive racing up my back.

"Steve!" she yelled. "Steve! help! I'm in here all alone with this fellow!"

For a second, it didn't register. My mouth dropped open. And then I realized that Hangin' Mann's real name was probably Steve.

I turned to face her, and she was still lolling on the cot, easy as could be, a small smile on her face.

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"Are you nuts?" I whispered.

"Steve!" she screamed again. "Help!"

I turned the .38 toward the door and pulled the trigger, hoping to discourage any sudden rush. The gun I held in my hand couldn't have discouraged a fruit fly. The hammer clicked—empty.

And then the door opened, the chair edging back slowly, and Steve Mann stood there, a carbine in his hands.

"Steve," Doris said, "thank God!"

She started to scramble off the cot, her skirt pulled back over her knees, her long legs flashing in the dim light.

"Stay where you are, Doris," Mann said. His voice was oddly calm, and he held the rifle steady.

"Steve, I was resting here when he burst in. He forced me to go with him, Steve. He's the one who ran over Jed. He broke jail and—"

"Resting?" Mann asked. "Here?"

"Yes," Doris said quickly. "Because it's so quiet here. I came here because—"

"I know all about it, Doris."

"Then you know he forced me to. . ."

"I've known all about everything for a long time now."

"Steve, you don't realize how terrible it's—" She stopped short, finally understanding what he'd said. I stood there, watching, feeling left out of the thing completely, feeling unnecessary.

"You . . . you know all about what?"

"Jed. You and Jed. You and him using this old shack. And the times up at the house. I've known all along, Doris."

"Steve, you're—Steve, listen to me."

"I went out to check on this fellow's story, Doris. I checked the tire tracks. He was telling the truth. He stopped a good two feet from where we found Jed. On the way back to the jail I stopped at our place, Doris. I found the dress you were wearing this evening. The stove took care of most of it, but there were still a few scraps smoldering."

"No, Steve, you're wrong. I—"

"They were covered with blood, Doris."

He paused. "I guess I knew who'd killed Jed right then. I headed back for the jail, and when I got there, this fellow was gone. Ain't one person but me who knows where I keep the extra keys, Doris, so I knew you'd helped him escape. I figured you'd head for the swamp." He paused again and took a deep breath.

"Why'd you kill Jed, Doris?"

I watched her face crumble, and I watched Mann stand there, immovable.

Doris buried her face in her hands and said, "You knew about me and Jed. . ."

"Yes," Mann said softly. "I thought. . . I thought it would end."

She began laughing, a wild hysterical laugh. "He was going to leave me. For a slut, Steve . . . a whore! I—I hit him . . . with the poker. . . I had to kill him, I had to, Steve! You can understand?"

"No," Mann said softly. "Sometimes you *have* to kill a person. But you had no call to kill Jed. None at all."

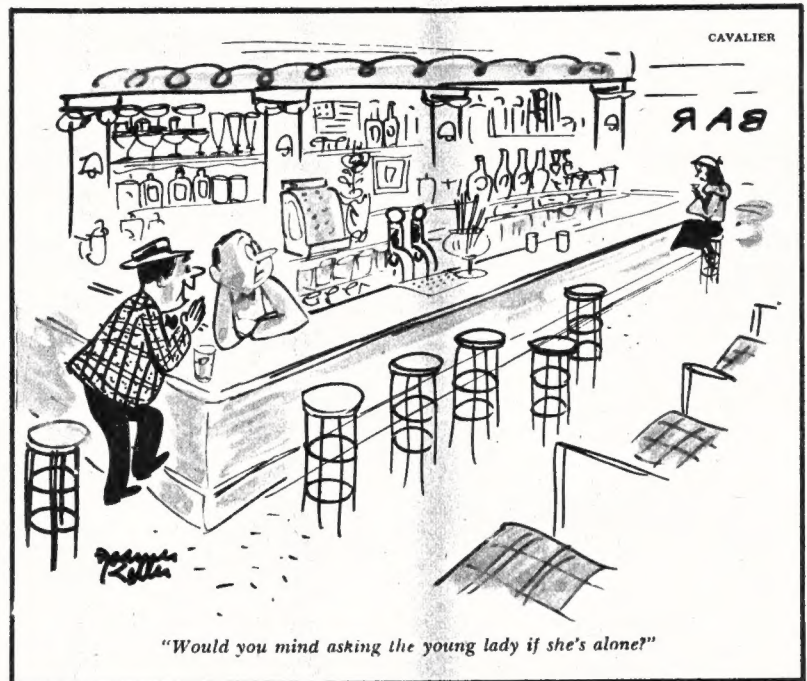
Doris was sobbing now, shaking her head, trying to understand why all this had happened to her. It was clear to me now, of course. She'd hauled Jed to the highway, hoping he'd be chalked up as an accident, hoping some car would run him over. When I stopped short of that, she'd realized anyone with eyes would know I hadn't done it. So she helped me break jail, figuring they'd accept my escape as a sure-fire admission of guilt. She was helping me, all right.

"Come on," Mann said gently. He held the rifle on her as she limped past him out of the shack. He turned to me, then, and I saw emotion in his eyes for the first time—a deep, pained expression.

"I'm sorry if we inconvenienced you," he said. "These . . . these mistakes. . ."

His voice broke, and we left the shack.

I didn't stay for the execution. One look in a man's soul had been enough. •



"Would you mind asking the young lady if she's alone?"



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